The Post

Sunday Special

NO. 618. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.] SUNDAY, JUNE 17, 1917. PRICE ONE PENNY.

FRESH SUCCESS AT BULLECOURT.

BRITISH WIN MORE GROUND IN HINDENBURG LINE.

SIXTEEN ENEMY AEROPLANES BROUGHT DOWN.

JONNART'S CALL TO GREEKS—LARISSA DECLARES FOR VENEZELOS.

Further fighting has taken place in the Hindenburg Line near Bullecourt. Our troops made progress here, and have captured more prisoners.

Sir Douglas Haig reports that many air fights took place in which a large number of machines engaged. Six German machines were brought down, and ten were driven down out of control. We had one machine missing.

Details of the capture of Infantry Hill, a lightning-like performance not surpassed in the whole war, are given by the Press Association Special Correspondent. Scottish troops took part in the action. The objectives were gained in two minutes, and the attack was made without preliminary bombardment.

A fine success has been obtained on the Italian Trentino front. Alpine troops captured a strongly-fortified position on Como Cavento (over 11,000 feet in height). The garrison was captured and large quantities of supplies and munitions taken.

M. Jonnart, the Allies' High Commissioner at Athens, has issued a proclamation to the Greek nation intimating the raising of the blockade and calling the Hellenes to national unity. Larissa, the chief town in Thessaly, has enthusiastically given its support to the Venezelist Government.

A Japanese destroyer flotilla made an attack on enemy submarines in the Mediterranean. The destroyer Sakakr was damaged by a torpedo, 55 lives being lost. The vessel, which has been towed into port, took part in gallant rescue work when the transport Transylvania was torpedoed.

FIGHTING NEAR BULLECOURT—GREAT AERIAL BATTLES.

British General Headquarters,
France, 9.10 p.m., Saturday.

During the day fighting has again taken place in the sector of the Hindenburg Line north-west of Bullecourt. Our troops have made progress, and have captured further prisoners.

On the battle front south of Ypres artillery activity on both sides has continued at intervals throughout the day.

Particularly successful work was done by our aeroplanes yesterday both in co-operation with our artillery and in reconnaissances and bombing raids.

Many air fights took place in which a large number of machines were engaged on either side.

As a result of the fighting six German aeroplanes were brought down, one of which fell in our lines, and ten other enemy machines were driven down out of control.

Our losses for the day are one machine missing.

SCOTTISH TROOPS TAKE ALL THEIR OBJECTIVES IN TWO MINUTES.

(BY PRESS ASSOCIATION'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

War Correspondents' Headquarters, British Army, France, Saturday Night.

I have just heard, from lips well qualified to tell the story, all about the remarkable little victory won by our troops upon the crest of Infantry Hill, east of Monchy.

As a lightning-like performance, I should think it has not been surpassed during the whole course of the war

We had wanted the bit of ground for some while, because it is a dominating contour, and the Boches knew that we wanted it, and had thus far succeeded in frustrating our efforts to take it.

Enemy Taken Unawares at Breakfast.

This time we were fortunate enough to take the Huns wholly unawares.

The time chosen for the attack was about 4.50 a.m.. Happily the Germans were just having breakfast

Suddenly hundreds of khaki figures soared above the British parapet. Our lads were nearly across "no man's land" before a first desultory rifle shot rang out.

The first wave gained Hood trench in a few seconds over a minute, and disappeared into its depths. The second wave went through this line and reached Long Trench in barely two minutes from the time of starting.

Our gallant lads—Scotsmen and men from East Anglia— could scarcely cheer for laughing as they swept over the parados of the first trench. The whole thing seemed so ridiculously simple.

There was hardly any fighting at all, for the Boches were surprised as never before. They were caught with their mouths full.

Scottish Soldier Scatters a Breakfast Party.

One eager Scottie, who outpaced his comrades, jumped right upon a group of six Huns squatting at breakfast. They started up, reaching for their rifles, so the canny Jock scrambled back on to the parapet like a cat, whipped the safety pin out of a Mills' hand grenade, and "the breakfast party was scattered with a flash and a crash.

The minute the objective had been gained our waiting guns were drumming forth a heavy barrage upon the rear of the captured trenches, to cut off any supports or attempt at counter-attack.

Three officers, one hundred and seventy-five other ranks and two machine guns were brought back, and the best testimony to the manner in which the Huns were surprised by this lightning attack is the fact that these weapons had not fired a single round.

The victory was complete sometime between seven and eight o'clock on Thursday morning.

Counter-Attack Broken Up.

It was not until five o'clock in the afternoon of that day that any signs of counter-attack were perceived.

It was then reported that the Germans were massing behind the Bois de Vert, and apparently intended to advance down Stirrup Lane.

The light at this time was excellent and visibility splendid. Our artillery was trained upon the spot, and at the word to let go our guns barked in fierce chorus.

The Boches stood their ground a few minutes, but the casualties were piling up too fast, and suddenly they broke and bolted, whether at the word of command or not I cannot say.

One of our patrols had pushed on beyond the new line during the course of the day, and established a post. At about half-past two on Friday morning the enemy attacked this spot with a large body of troops and drove in the patrol occupying the post. But the two trenches which form the real dominating position remain in our hands.

An Infantry Show Entirely.

To say that the men are "bucked" by their performance is to put it much too mildly. Their particular pride is that it was an infantry show entirely, and that unaided by any preliminary bombardment, tanks, mines, or any other of the usual accompaniments of a modern attack they went over the top and within two minutes accomplished all they had been set to do.

FRENCH RECAPTURE LOST TRENCH.

Paris, Saturday Night.

There was fairly great activity on the part of both artilleries north of and south of the Ailette, as well as in Champagne in the Cornillet Mont Blond sector.

In the region of Courcy we recaptured a trench element in which an enemy party had gained a footing this morning. The occupants were all killed or made prisoners.—(French Official Report.)

GERMANS REPORT FIGHTING AT MONCHY AND CROISELLES.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

The official report issued at Berlin to-night says:—

On isolated sectors of the Flanders and Artois front, also on the Aisne and in the Champagne, the artillery fighting was more lively. Attacks made by the British during the forenoon near Monchy and in the neighbourhood of Croiselles were repulsed. They led to no change in the situation.

From the East there is nothing fresh to report.—Admiralty, per Wireless Press.

FOOD SUPPLIES IN GERMANY.

"Large Supplies From Roumania."

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

A Berlin telegram states that the War Feeding Department has announced that, owing to large imports from Roumania, bread can be distributed in unreduced weekly quantity till the coming harvest.

The double meat ration will also remain in force.

Only in case of potatoes for food the previous ration of five pounds cannot be given in many places, but the announcement says that a corresponding amount of meal or bread will be given instead. Between June 20 and June 22 large quantities of early foreign potatoes are expected, which will be supplied to workers in industrial districts, and in July large quantities of home potatoes will come into the market.

The statement adds that the vegetable crop this year is earlier and more abundant than it has been for years. The supply of fresh fish at present greatly exceeds the demand.

JAP FLOTILLA ATTACKS U BOATS

FIFTY-FIVE LIVES LOST IN MEDITERRANEAN.

TRANSYLVANIA RESCUE SHIP DAMAGED.

London, Saturday Night.

The Japanese Naval Attache communicates the following:—

On June 11 one of the Japanese destroyer flotillas attacked enemy submarines in the Mediterranean. The result is not known.

On that occasion the Sakakr received some damage by an enemy torpedo, with the loss of 55 lives.

She was, however, towed safely into port.

The Secretary of the Admiralty adds the following note:—This is one of the destroyers which so gallantly aided in rescuing troops and crew from the torpedoed transport Transylvania at imminent risk of being herself torpedoed. Her handling on that occasion by her commanding officer, who placed her and kept her in the most advantageous position for carrying on the rescue work in very bad weather, won the admiration of everybody, and especially of the captain and ship's company of the Transylvania.

U BOATS NEW "RULES" FOR NEUTRALS.

Pirates' Complicated Precautions.

Madrid, Saturday.

The German Embassy has published a Note from the Cabinet in Berlin regarding fresh instructions to the merchant marine of all neutral countries.

As soon as a submarine is sighted, it says, by merchant ships the latter ought to watch carefully to see if signs are made to them to stop. A gun shot from a submarine will mean an order to stop. The ships must then turn about, but in a direction opposite to that of the submarine, and signal that they have stopped.

At night signals must be made with Norse lamps.

When a vessel has been stopped it must without moving await the order to proceed, even if the submarine dives in order to come nearer and observe the vessel before reappearing.

As soon as the submarine reappears the first of the ships must go to meet the submarine and present the papers, which are to be drawn up in Spanish.

40,000 TONS OF SUGAR LOST AT SEA.

CAPTAIN BATHURST'S STARTLING STATEMENT.

London, Saturday.

Captain Bathurst, the late Deputy-Food Controller, speaking at Cheltenham to-day, said he hoped Lord Rhondda, who was a man of undoubted courage, large business experience, and great organising capacity, would be as successful against profiteers at home as he was in Canada.

Germany, said Captain Bathurst, could not starve us out The danger was lest we should starve ourselves. There was no diminution of submarine activity. Let there be no mistake about that.

The ships selected for attack were those of heavier tonnage, a fact that the official return did not make clear to the public. The main reason why fewer ships were sunk was the arming of merchantmen, which enables them in many cases to ward off attack, but the casualties continued to be serious, and it was not unlikely that June would show a worse record than May.

It might interest them to know that during the last few weeks the Government had been purchasing both wheat and sugar at a higher price than they were being sold. It was only by averaging their purchases that they were able to prevent a substantial loss.

Holding out no hope for an improved sugar supply, Captain Bathurst said that two months ago in ten days forty thousand tons were sent to the bottom of the sea.

PREMIER AND POTATO GROWING.

London, Saturday.

This afternoon Mr Lloyd George attended a potato-spraying demonstration at Walton-on-the-Hill.

The demonstration, which took place under the auspices of the Food Production Department, was given on the allotments opposite the Chequers Inn, the demonstrator being Mr Waldron Rose, of the Food Production Department.

During the proceedings the Premier himself made a trial of the apparatus that sprayed a portion of an allotment.

NEW ERA FOR GREECE.

JONNART'S STRIKING PROCLAMATION.

THE BLOCKADE RAISED.

Athens, Saturday.

M. Jonnart, the Allies' High Commissioner, publishes to-day the following proclamation:—

To the Hellenes—

France, Great Britain and Russia desire the independence, the greatness, and the prosperity of Greece.

They intend to defend the brave little land which they have liberated against the united efforts of the Turks, the Bulgarians, and the Germans. They are here to checkmate the manœuvres of the hereditary enemies of the kingdom. They will put an end to the repeated violations of the Constitution and of treaties, and to the deplorable intrigues which led up to the massacre of the soldiers of the Allies on December 1.

Berlin gave the order, and Athens gradually brought the people under the Bulgar-German yoke.

We are resolved to re-establish the constitutional truce and unity of Greece.

The protecting Powers, therefore, demanded the abdication of the King. They have no intention of tampering with the constitutional prerogative. They have other aims—namely, to assure the regular and constitutional progress of the country to which the late King George of glorious memory had always been scrupulously faithful, but which King Constantine had ceased to respect.

Hellenes, the hour of reconciliation has arrived. Your destinies are closely associated with those of the protecting Powers. Your ideal is the same as theirs. Your hopes are identical. We appeal to your good sense and your patriotism.

To-day the blockade is raised.

Any reprisals against Greeks to whatever party they may belong will be pitilessly repressed. No breach of peace will be tolerated. The liberty and property of everyone will be safeguarded.

This is the new era of peace and labour which is opening before you. Know that, respectful of the national sovereignty, the protecting Powers have no intention of forcing upon the Greek people a general mobilisation. Long live Greece, united, great, and free.

In the name of France, Great Britain, and Russia, the High Commissioner of the Protecting Powers. (Signed) Jonnart.

ALLIES' ADVANCE IN THESSALY.

Larissa Declares for Venezelos.

Paris, Saturday Night.

In Thessaly our cavalry occupies Kalabaka, Trikala, Karditsa, Sophrades, and Demirli, while our infantry occupies Volo.

Progress southwards continues without difficulty. The population of Larissa has enthusiastically given its support to the Venezelist Government.—(French Official Report.)

[Larissa, the most important town in Thessaly, has a population of 20,000.]

STERN WARNING TO GREEK MALCONTENTS.

Improvement in Food Situation.

Athens (Received Saturday).

Ex-King Constantine has now left Greek territory, and both the Government and the High Commissioner of the Allies are taking every measure with a view to avoid the slightest disorder.

The General Commanding the First Army Corps has ordered the temporary closing of the Military Club, where Royalist officers frequently met to discuss the situation.

The Presidents of the Reservist Leagues at Piræus and others were arrested to-day by Allies' police, and released after receiving a sound warning.

Certain Athens journalists also received a similar warning.

There is every prospect of an improvement in the food situation. A steamer with 4600 tons of wheat is discharging a portion of her cargo at the Piræus, and another wheat cargo is expected at the Piræus within twenty-four hours. Navigation in Greek waters has been resumed, and traffic on the Peloponnesus Railway will be resumed to-morrow.

GRAVE RIOTS IN GERMANY.

A REVOLT AT ESSEN.

DUTCH FEARS OF CENTRAL POWERS.

London, Saturday Night.

Reuter messages received here to-night indicate that serious rioting exists in Germany.

A message from Amsterdam says: — The Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant reports that rumours have reached Winterswyk, near the Dutch-German frontier, that grave riots broke out yesterday at Essen and other German towns.

The Belgisch Dagblad reports that the German authorities in Luxembourg have forbidden the Press to speak about a big strike in the Canton of Esch. Three thousand Belgian workers have been forced to go to Esch to replace the strikers.

The Discipline of Essen.

The news of rioting in Essen has not yet been confirmed in London, and the Dutch representatives, who are in constant touch with their own country, are awaiting further messages with exceptional eagerness. If there have been riots in this part of Germany it is clear that things are getting desperate, as Germany has all along paid special attention to the disciplining of the workmen in this important munition area, and have also paid special attention to their comforts. The workmen at Krupp's are pampered to an incredible extent, and no matter how the civil population may suffer they are provided with all they may desire in the way of food. This is to stave off strikes, and so to maintain the necessary supply of munitions. The discipline of Essen, however, is so strict and the restrictions on the civilian population so great that it would not be surprising to learn that there has been a general revolt.

A Critical Time in Holland.

In an interview I had to-night with a prominent Dutchman it was emphasised that the present was the most critical time in Holland, and that therefore the people of that country would welcome the news which has been received in Amsterdam. The harvest is not far distant, and with starvation staring the Germans in the face the situation is extremely dangerous.

All the messages received from Holland have a bearing on the future, the fear of the population being that the Germans, with greedy eyes on the ripening corn, may decide to invade the country. Further news in view of these facts is eagerly awaited both in Holland and London.

SPANISH DEPUTIES' MANIFESTO

Demands Restoration of Parliament's Powers.

Madrid (Received Saturday).

A group of Deputies of various parties has published a statement declaring the constitution is being violated through the fact that Parliament is prevented intervening in grave questions before the country. They announce that they will summon all members of Parliament to look after the rights of Parliament, and see that it is fully restored to the exercise of its Sovereign powers.

MORE FAVOURABLE VIEW OF POSITION.

London, Saturday.

Reuter's Agency understands, while there is an inclination among a section of the public to exaggerate the importance of the troubles in Spain on account of the scarcity of news and the difficulty of understanding the somewhat complicated situation in that country, there is in well-informed quarters in London a disposition to take a favourable view of the position of affairs based on information from trustworthy sources.

It is more than probable the difficulties are purely internal, and there can be, in spite of the rumours to the contrary, but little question of German intrigue.

MAN OF MANY APPEALS.

Absentee's Claim to Have Directed Attention to Bacon Scandal.

London, Saturday Night.

Henry William Biner (41), a solicitor's clerk and a well-known Tower Hill speaker, was charged as an absentee at Stratford.

The prisoner pleaded that his wife was in a delicate state of health, and asked that the military would agree to a postponement of the charge against him for fourteen days. Biner said he was engaged on work of great national importance in dealing with the food question, and he had brought to the notice of the authorities the fact that ten thousand pounds of bacon were lying rotting at the docks. He had also been to Buckingham Palace to see the King on the food question. There were matters in connection with this that he wanted to arrange before he joined up. Biner said he had other points to raise, the chief being that he was not liable for military service at all. When the Military Service Act was passed he had an appeal before the Courts, and this was not dealt with until he was over forty-one years of age.

Lieutenant Spear replied that Biner was not forty-one at the passing of the Act, and thus he was liable.

Biner—I also put in a business appeal on my own behalf, and that has not been disposed of.

The Clerk of the Court inquired over the telephone whether the prisoner had an appeal pending, and the reply came that he had not.

Biner was fined 40s, and handed over.

Lieutenant Spear said the Justices might rest assured that the prisoner's application for a few days' leave would be considered.

ITALIANS' FINE SUCCESS.

STRONGLY-HELD POSITION CAPTURED.

ATTACK AT ALTITUDE OF 11,000 FEET.

Rome, Saturday Night.

The official report received to-day states:—

East of the Adamello Massif (Eastern Trentino) Alpine detachments of the Val Baltea, Italian, and Skiers advanced over very difficult ground, notwithstanding the furious resistance of the enemy, and attacked the strongly-fortified position on Corno Cavento, over 11,000 feet.

The position was carried. We captured the remainder of the enemy garrison, two 75 millimetre guns, one trench mortar, four machine guns, and a large quantity of supplies and ammunition.

On the southern slopes of Mount Rombon we occupied by surprise one of the enemy's advanced posts, and maintained same in spite of the concentrated fire of the enemy.

ACTIVITY ON RUSSIAN FRONTS.

Petrograd, Saturday.

The official report issued to-day says:—

Western Theatre.—Our batteries on the night of June 15 made a surprise attack on the enemy reserves concentrated in the region of Shelvov.

Caucasian Front.—On Wednesday, during our bombardment of the Turks in the region of Tirebolu, a great fire broke out in the town, which was nearly completely destroyed.

RUSSIAN EXTREMISTS' DELEGATES

Get Hot Reception on Roumanian Front.

Jassy (Received Saturday).

Some days ago five Russian railway trucks laden with presents for the Russian troops on the Roumanian front from the Extremist's leader, Lenin, arrived here. Some of the latter's supporters came in the same train, and tried to address the soldiers, who gave them a most hostile reception.

Matters looked so threatening that the officers had to intervene, and it was only with the greatest difficulty they rescued the speakers, who were obliged to hide themselves in the trucks. The trucks and Lenin's delegates were sent back to Russia.

"KEEPING WATCH OVER NORTH SEA."

Admiral Von Scheer's Boast.

Amsterdam (Received Saturday).

Addressing Westphalian schoolboys recently at Wilhelmshaven, Admiral Scheer said:—"I hear many of you wish to join the navy later on. We are fighting for our youth, so that we shall have a strong German Fatherland that shall not suffer in slavery. Therefore we need the freedom of the seas. We must get it. We shall get it."

After speaking of the merits of discipline and sacrifice, Admiral Scheer said:—"You will come with confidence to the Fleet, and must try to be worthy one day of the sacrifices made in this terrible war. Be certain that we are now keeping watch over the North Sea and we shall continue to do so."—Exchange.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE MEETS PRESIDENT WILSON.

Washington, Saturday.

Lord Northcliffe conferred with the President on war measures, particularly the question of food. He was introduced by State Assistant Phillips. It is believed Lord Northcliffe also discussed the advisability of an additional loan.

Sir Cecil Spring Rice did not attend the conference.

CLEVER ADVENTURESS.

Posed as "Lady Somerset."

London, Saturday.

"According to police history she is one of the cleverest adventuresses that has been moving about in recent years," said Detective-Sergeant Humphries in respect of Mary Rodgers (42), who, with her son and daughter, was convicted to-day at West London Police Court of illegally pawning a quantity of household linen belonging to the proprietor of the Golden Bells Hotel, Notting Hill Gate.

The detective stated that Mrs Rodgers had been passing herself off as a member of several well-known families, namely—as Lady Mercia Somerset, Lady Gypsy Rodgers, the Hon. Ida Falconer, the Hon. Alice Fitzroy Somerset, and the Hon. Mrs Cholmondeley.

Wherever she had gone she had defrauded people, and she had been actually convicted of fraud on two or three occasions. She was in receipt of a monthly allowance of £23 in addition to an army allowance of 24s a week in respect of her husband, who is a soldier.

As regards the daughter, whose name was given as Edna Gordon, the officer said that she had been posing without any reasons, so far as the police knew, as the widow of a Major Gordon, of the R.F.C. She also had been convicted of neglecting her child, an infant of fifteen months.

Mr Huntley Jenkins, who defended, urged that "Lady Somerset" pawned the property pending the receipt of her monthly allowance.

His Worship fined Mrs Rodgers £5, with £8, the pawning value of the property, together with three guineas costs. The daughter was fined £2, and the boy, Cecil Rodgers, was remanded in order that arrangements might be made for his future.

THE ROYAL TOUR.

GREAT RECEPTION ON TYNESIDE.

KING INSPECTS NEW TYPE OF VESSEL.

Newcastle, Saturday.

The Press Association's special correspondent telegraphs:—

The King and Queen to-day reached the most northerly point of their present tour, and enjoyed a reception which was remarkable even by comparison with the enthusiastic scenes of the preceding days.

There were visits to shipyards and works, and in all these the workpeople emulated the welcome. The river was full of shipping, and all the craft were crowded by cheering people, and the banks and quays were lined by countless thousands, who let themselves go without stint. Bunting was lavishly displayed all along Tyneside, and the Royal progress was in every sense a veritable triumph.

The Royal suite was much as on former days, except that Sir Eric Geddes, Controller of the Navy, had been recalled by official duties to London, and his place was taken by Major A. S. Collard, Deputy-Controller of Auxiliary Shipbuilding, and that Major-General Montgomery, Commanding the Tyne Garrison, was in attendance. Motoring to the Northumberland Shipbuilding Company's Yard, the Royal travellers frequently slowed down in demonstration of their desire to see and be seen by the general populace as well as by the workers.

A Tyneside Welcome.

Shrill siren blasts welcomed their appearance at the works, and a number of leading hands were presented. The King and Queen both shook hands with each, and asked questions about the length of service, and commended the part all were bearing in furthering the nation's cause. The King noticed one bemedalled worker, and observing that he wore the Khedive ribbon without a medal, asked what had become of that part of the decoration. "I have lost it, your Majesty, and I hope you will help me to get another in place of it," was the unexpected reply.

Two large cargo liners in course of building were inspected, and the visitors saw a ship of the A type which was being rapidly completed. In another part of the yard Commander Tabateau had the honour of exhibiting and explaining a gun for defensive armament of a merchant vessel. It was a beautifully finished weapon of the 4.7 type, and incidentally was made in Japan, an illustration of the fact that it is not in fighting alone that our Allies can render valuable service.

"Kitty," the Tyne Donkey.

At the Tyne Shipbuilding Company's yard the Queen noticed with marked interest a donkey carrying a label, from which it appeared that "'Kitty,' the Tyne Yard donkey, had helped in the collection of over two thousand pounds for Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, the Belgian Refugee Fund, and the British Red Cross." Their Majesties here saw Standard vessels, a special type of cargo ship, and patrol vessels. They talked to many workers, including one recently discharged from army service.

Their Majesties got a thrilling reception from the workpeople generally, and on leaving for the North-Eastern Marine Engineering Yard passed hundreds of women and girl workers, who clapped instead of cheering, and sang very sweetly the National Anthem.

A pleasing instance of the thoughtfulness which invariably characterises the Queen was forthcoming at a shipyard.

The veteran Duke of Northumberland had already done a good deal of walking, and it was suggested he might wish to rest while the tour of the works was made. He gallantly elected to go, when Her Majesty practically compelled him to desist by deciding to cut part of her programme, and asking him to remain in attendance. The King went on alone, and saw the pouring out of molten steel for the making of a great casting.

The Armstrong-Whitworth Mercantile Yard was next visited, and many presentations were made, and the King and Queen saw something of the general activities which led one to wonder whether it could be possible that tonnage differences could cripple this country for a very long time to come, if ever, provided the workers of these and other yards continue to display the present zeal and devotion. Another drive through crowded streets brought the visitors to the South African War Memorial in Newcastle, where the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress made a series of presentations in sight of a monster gathering of townsfolk, who gave to wounded Tommies place of honour in their front ranks.

IMPORTING CHINA TEA.

Merchants Complain of Supplies Held Up in London.

Shanghai, Saturday.

There is consternation among British tea merchants in China at the British Government's action regarding tea.

After the issue of the prohibition of tea imports on February 23 permission was given to merchants to ship such teas as could be guaranteed to have been contracted for before the date named, as no warning had been given of the impending prohibition.

A portion of these teas, which in all amount to only 2375 shipping tons, was duly shipped, and arrived in London.

Now the Government is refusing agents permission to take delivery. No explanation is available of the decision, which is not only regarded as unjust, as teas shipped under special permit are alone affected, but it actually exposes merchants to greater loss than if permits had never been given.

Lord Rosebery has placed at the disposal of the Queen of Roumania a sum of 125,000 francs to be distributed among the population of Roumania who have suffered by the war.

DEMAND FOR AERIAL REPRISALS.

LONDON'S RISING TEMPER—GREAT MASS MEETING ARRANGED.

TRAGEDIES OF THE RAID REVEALED AT INQUEST.

London, Saturday Night.

In one of the West End restaurants to-night a party were discussing reprisals. Among them was a combatant clergyman home from the front. He listened quietly to the views of an elderly man, who was urging that reprisals would be un-British, and against the Divine command—"Vengeance is Mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

"I agreed with you," said the clergyman quickly, "but I'm one of his instruments to punish the Hun for the hellish deeds I have seen in the East End. God help me to carry on His work."

This attitude is gaining the approval of the whole community, with a few exceptions.

Play the Hun at His Own Game.

It would not be true to say that London is seething with anger at those who are still holding back, but things are drifting that way.

I have been in almost every corner of the raid area, and everywhere I hear the same question, "Do those in authority understand our feelings? We can see plainly that the only way to stop these raids is to play the Hun at his own game. Things cannot go on like this much longer."

The Mayor of Wandsworth, in a letter to his brother Mayors, puts the position in a nutshell. He says:—

> "The mockery of three or four observation balloons floating over London two hours after the raiders had gone aroused a storm of derisive anger. Nothing more stupid nor more calculated to dim the faith in the defence of London could have been devised."

Thirty-three gas bags floating over London would be viewed with the same disgust as the gasbags who urge that reprisals are merely a form of revenge. They are nothing of the kind. They are a far greater protection against future raids than all the example of forbearance and Christian charity in Britain. The Hun is a coward at heart, and the first to squeal when he is hurt. Those who remember Karlsruhe feel confident that our women and children will only be safe if a British air raid or two shows him the effects of gas bombs and shrapnel showered from the clouds.

London's Rising Temper.

The question is to come up in Parliament and in the House of Lords. Lord Strachie, Mr Joynson Hicks, and Major Hunt will have the majority of the people of London with them when they stand up to demand for reprisals on German towns to be carried out repeatedly until the Germans cease to practice this kind of inhumanity.

The conscientious objectors in high places urge that the object of the Germans is to draw our aeroplanes away from the Western front, and that the best way to meet the campaign would be to attack the nests of the Hun aviators. By all means pursue the latter course, says the Londoner, but first of all sit down and try to realise that the first object is to terrify the people of London and make them sick of the war. The evidence of the last few days shows clearly that the design of the German has been to kill as many defenceless people as he can. He has devised new bombs filled with poisoned gas and with shrapnel, which spreads and kills at a radius of fifty yards. It is not public buildings he means to destroy, but women and children, and in his campaign he has the approval of the wives and mothers of Germany.

Why, then, should they be spared to encourage those in authority over them to invent new and yet more fiendish instruments of death to scatter over London?

Convinced that these raids have been designed to take the place of the U boat failure, and that they will continue till reprisals are taken, London, with a rising temper, is to demonstrate to-morrow to demand of the Government that they must, and shall, take action.

A mass meeting has been arranged at the London Opera House, when the Lord Mayor of London will preside, supported by leading representatives from all the London boroughs. The resolution to be submitted will express abhorrence at the German methods, but will demand systematic and ruthless reprisals, and call on the Government to initiate a policy of ceaseless attacks on German cities and towns. Those who have declared their intention of being present include Lord Inverclyde, Director of the Cunard Company; Mr A. W. Yeo, M.P.; Mr Hogge, M.P.; Mr Basil Peto, M.P.; and Mr Warwick Brooker, M.P.

Towns that Should be Attacked.

The towns signalled out as possible of attack are Essen, Cologne, Dusseldorf, Frankfort, and Karlsruhe.

A mass meeting of the citizens of Bermondsey and Rotherhithe is also to be held at night on Mill Pond Bridge, Jamaica Level, to deal with the danger.

Among those who are strongly opposed to reprisals are the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Curzon, and they have been asked to address meetings of the people in East London and other places where the raiders visited. If they decide to accept the invitations they will have a better opportunity than that afforded by the study window of finding out how much support their views are likely to get from the fathers and mothers of the children whose mangled bodies were carried along the East End streets from the school the Huns bombed. They are practical men and women who have figured out that in fighting a barbarian there is only one law, the old Judaic law—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

LITTLE VICTIMS OF THE AIR RAID.

MAN LOSES WIFE AND FOUR CHILDREN.

London, Saturday Night.

Three London Coroners were engaged to-day in holding inquests on victims of the air raid over London. Mr Wynne Baxter conducted the inquiries at the London Hospital. Most of the fifty-seven victims were men. Seven had not been identified when the proceedings opened. Rarely has there been such a gathering of relations in the precincts of a Court. They overflowed and crowded into the corridors, which were thronged with orphaned children, widows, bereaved mothers, and wives.

The first case was that of a little girl named Florence Mitchell. The father said that he received a telephone message to go home, and found his mother lying in bed severely injured and the little girl dead beside her. The bomb had dropped outside their door. His mother had since died of her injuries.

Mr Mitchell's father said he was working at the rear of the house at the time of the raid. At the first bomb the little girl ran into the street, and her grandmother ran after her just as another bomb fell on to the kerbstone.

The Coroner suggested a verdict of misadventure.

The Foreman—Not misadventure. It is murder to my mind.

The Coroner pointed out that in twenty cases yesterday that was the form of verdict adopted, whereupon the jury agreed to follow the same course, one of them remarking—"In the state of our feelings we would rather have a stronger statement."

Girl Killed Fifty Yards from where Bomb Fell.

Fireman Oliver, identifying Fire Brigade Driver Bidler (24), said that more than one bomb was dropped on the Fire Station. Two other firemen were injured.

William Frederick Jones, an engine driver, said that, seeing a Taube overhead, he and his mate ran to the stokehole of the mill where they were employed. There was an explosion. He was covered with iron, and on looking round for his mate found the stokehole filled with steam and dust. The fires were raked out, and his mate was discovered down the ashpit, which was full of scalding water.

Superintendent M'Kay said the bombs were not the old-fashioned kind, but contained high explosives. Several persons were killed in the street, and although the bomb did not cause serious injury to property with one or two exceptions the loss of life had been rather great, owing to the projectiles being charged with flying shrapnel. One girl was killed fifty yards away from where a bomb dropped, the shrapnel passing through two houses.

Mr Moss, a bootmaker, said that he found his house in ruins. "I was told," he said, "that my family had been buried in the ruins. The bodies of these two, my wife and two other children, five in all, were recovered dead. I have just come from another mortuary where my wife and the other children are lying."

Nurse Hinge said that she got out of the house all those who were still alive. One boy died before reaching hospital. The Coroner congratulated Nurse Hinge upon her conduct.

Dr Knox said that it was impossible to recognise the body of Mrs Moss. Every bone in the body was smashed. The arms were broken off, and it was impossible to find words to describe her condition. The child Hetty had a crushed chest and a fractured jaw.

In one case a woman was blown out of a house across the road and impaled on the palings on the far side.

Child Dead in Its Mailcart.

In the cases of Annie Stamford, aged three, and Ivy Victoria Stamford, [illegible] months, the mother said she was the wife of a soldier in France. She had had four children, but now she had none.

Albert Edward Edmonds, station officer of the London Fire Brigade, told a tragic story of the finding of the children. He said that he saw two women lying in the debris, one of whom had apparently fallen from the first floor. Both had since died. When they removed one of the women they found the body of Ivy Stamford underneath the mailcart. They cut the wood of the mailcart away, and then found the other child underneath.

The Coroner said that the dropping of these bombs was a terrible calamity, and it was difficult to see how it was to be avoided or prevented. On the other hand, if the Germans thought it well to do so, why should they not send a hundred machines at a time. These machines were almost invisible to the naked eye, although they could see a large city very well. Hardly anyone on the ground saw them, and if the country had aeroplanes up at a height of 3000 or 4000 feet it was quite possible they would not be seen because of the clouds, and there was the risk that they would be shot down

HEADMASTER AND SCHOOL BOARD.

SOLDIER TEACHER AND HIS ALLOWANCE.

INDIGNATION MEETING AT MONTROSE.

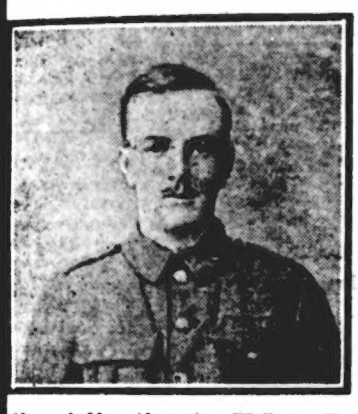
Montrose, Saturday Night.

Another public meeting was held to-day o protest against the refusal of Craig Parish chool Board to grant to Mr J. Spears urt, headmaster of Ferryden Public School, ear Montrose, the difference between his rmy pay and allowances and his civil salary. n a former occasion the School Board re- eived a deputation, to whom they explained hat their action was based on the report of H.M. Inspector of Schools.

Mr Burt, speaking at to-day's meeting, aid things had come to a crisis, and it eemed to him to be a matter of his carry- ng on as headmaster at Ferryden with the olours and with a new Board, or handing n his resignation. "I simply refuse," he aid, "to carry on with the present Board. ou have now an opportunity of saying hich side is right. If you think it is pos- ible for me to do good work with a Board ike that over me, I shall hand in my resig- ation before I go away; but I know you on't believe it. (A Voice, "Don't do it," nd another Voice, "Don't resign.") Very ell, I will not hand in my resignation, but hen I go to rejoin my regiment to-night I ave it to you to see this matter through."

A resolution of "no confidence" in the oard was passed, and also resolutions re- arding appreciation of Mr Burt's work and suring him of the determination of the eeting to insure honourable treatment, and lso reaffirming its opinion that Mr Burt hould have his civil salary made up to him, nd urging the Board to act in accordance ith the general mind of the community.

ANOTHER HONOUR FOR ATHOLL SOLDIER.



Mr and Mrs Alexander Wallace, East augh, Pitlochry, has received official in- mation from the Major-General Com- anding the Division, that their third son, ergeant Robert Wallace, of the Black atch, has received a clasp to his Military edal for conspicuous gallantry in action the 23d of April. Sergeant Robert allace was the first Atholl soldier to win stinction in action, getting the military edal on the 26th October last. Sergeant obert Wallace was formerly manager on e farm of Pitfourie, Moulin. He enlisted ortly after the outbreak of war, and went France with his regiment in May, 1915.

THE RAMSAY MACDONALD "HOLD UP."

Scottish Miners Approve Seamen's Action.

Dalkeith, Saturday.

The Scottish miners' secretary, Provost own, Dalkeith, to-day forwarded a tele- am to Mr Havelock Wilson instructing m that the Executive of the National nion of Scottish Mine Workers fully en- rse the action of the National Sailors' d Firemen's Union of Great Britain in eventing Messrs Ramsay Macdonald and wett from reaching Petrograd.

The telegram further recommends that, king all the circumstances into considera- n, and the views of the Government upon e matter, further action should not now persisted in.

THE PAISLEY TRAGEDY.

Funeral of Assailant and Victims.

Paisley, Saturday.

The funeral of James S. Millar, pattern- aker, and his wife and daughter, the as- lant and victims in the Paisley Stock reet tragedy, took place to-day. Millar t the throats of his wife and daughter (7), d afterwards committed suicide.

The funeral was from the burgh mortuary the prison, and there were few people out when the cortege emerged from the ounds for Hawkhead Cemetery. The tle boy (8), whose throat was also cut by demented father, is happily recovering.

"The Girl from New York" is the title the fascinating new story of the Secret rvice that will start in "The Post Sun- y Special" next week. It has been itten by E. Phillips Oppenheim, and you ll find it a marvellous combination of love d adventure. As a story of the war and e part played by our American cousins it a thoroughly up-to-date appeal. On no count should you miss reading the open- g chapters next week.

CHALLENGE TO GOVERNMENT.

GOOD TEMPLARS AND STATE PURCHASE.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

In view of the Government's announce- ment that Commissions have been appointed to consider how the liquor traffic can be further controlled, with a view to ultimate purchase, the Executive Committee of the Grand Lodge of Scotland of the Good Templar Order have adopted the following resolution:—

The Executive of the Good Templars of Scotland again represent to His Majesty's Government that the clearly expressed opinion of the Scottish people is for Prohibition and against State purchase of the liquor traffic.

They protest against the attitude and action of the Prime Minister and of the Government in using war emergencies in contravening guarantees expressly given in the House of Commons and in furthering in- direct methods to secure State purchase and State management of drink.

The Executive challenge the Government to face the clear issue, to meet the demand for Prohibition, and to cease wasting time, money, food, and life in devising schemes for the continuance of a dangerous and de- moralising traffic.

GREENOCK HERO FALLS IN ACTION.

WON COMMISSION BY HIS GALLANTRY.

Greenock, Saturday.

Intimation has been received of the death in action of Lieutenant James Sinclair, a former member of Greenock Police Force. Joining up in Canada at the outbreak of the war, he saw much fighting at the Western front, where his promotion was rapid, and for gallantry he was given a commission. Several times wounded, he seldom remained long out of the fighting line, and at Vimy Ridge he fell leading his company. Lieut. Sinclair displayed fine soldierly qualities, and had been recommended for a captaincy. He was thirty years of age, and was a native of Inverness.

ARBITER'S AWARD IN TUBEWORKERS' DISPUTE.

Coatbridge, Saturday.

Sir Thomas Munro has issued his award as arbitrator in the Workers' Union and the Scottish Tube Company, Limited. The dispute was as to the terms and conditions of employment of the members of the union in the service of the employers at Nos. 1 and 2 turn-up furnaces in their Union Tube- works, Coatbridge. The union claimed an increase in the "pluck allowance" equal to 50 per cent. of that paid to the employees in the welding furnaces in the same pre- mises. Sir Thomas finds, on the statements submitted to him, that the case for the union is established to the extent that some further pluck allowance should be awarded, and fixes this at such pluck allowance as will, as near as may be, increase the earnings of the members of the union employed at No. 1 turn-up furnace by 10s per week, and at No. 2 turn-up furnace by 7s 6d per week, the pluck allowance to be mutually adjusted, or, failing agreement to be settled by him. The advance is to be payable from the first full pay day following April 16, 1917. The in- creases are to be regarded as war advances to assist meeting the increased cost of living.

HOUSE FAMINE IN LANARKSHIRE.

A Conference Arranged.

Hamilton, Saturday.

An important announcement is issued this morning, which shows that the Local Authorities in Lanarkshire are to take im- mediate steps for considering and dealing with the house famine, which has reached a most acute stage in the more populous in- dustrial centres of the county.

A preliminary conference of representa- tives from the Middle Ward District Com- mittee of the County of Lanark, and the Town Councils of Airdrie, Coatbridge, Motherwell, Hamilton, and Wishaw has been called for Monday first to consider the situation.

At the conference representatives of the Lanarkshire Federation of Trades Councils are to be in attendance, and it is understood that this body is prepared to submit evi- dence as to the alarming shortage of houses, not only in the munition areas, but in practically every town and village in the county.

In Labour circles there are expected to be revelations in regard to the influence which the shortage of the houses is bearing on the moral tone of the communities most affected.

WINNERS IN ROTHESAY PIER TURNSTILES' COMPETITION.

Rothesay, Saturday.

The competition in forecasting the num- ber of persons passing through the pier turnstiles between 2d April and 31st May attracted many estimates, and the names of the winners have now been announced. No one succeeded in forecasting the exact num- ber, which was 58,757, and the consolation prizes have been awarded as follows:—

£10 War Savings Certificate—Mrs William Burgoyne, Windsor Place, Rothesay (58,798).

£1 Certificates—Master Peter Burgoyne, Rothesay; M. Mackenzie, Rothesay; Miss May Jenkins, Rothesay; George Matthews, Rothesay; R. Marshall, Chryston.

The competition was organised on behalf of the funds of the Bute Branch of the Red Cross Society.

GREENOCK MAN'S MOCK GRIEF.

WRITES PENITENT LETTERS TO HIS WIFE

WHILE APPLYING FOR DIVORCE.

Edinburgh, Saturday Night.

While William Ewart Wilson, a Greenock man, was writing letters from America full of penitence to his wife for his neglect of her, it transpired that he had been filing a petition in the American Courts for divorce on the alleged ground of desertion.

To-day, in the Court of Session, the wife, Catherine Leslie or Wilson, 42 South Street, Greenock, was successful in an action for divorce against her husband, whose present address is unknown.

Pursuer stated that she was married in June, 1907. One child was born of the marriage, of which she asked custody. Parties took up house in Sandringham Ter- race, Greenock. At that time defender was a spirit salesman, and they lived in Greenock for about a year. Defender then got into financial difficulties, and about September, 1908, he left her, and went to America without telling her he was going. Her parents had to come to the rescue at that time and had to pay some £250 to save the furniture and the marriage presents.

After some correspondence defender sent her her passage money to go to America. Her parents had to give her the money necessary to take her into the country. In 1909 defender again got into difficulties. He was drinking excessively. After her child was born he told her he wished her to go home to Greenock. She was to take the child with her, and to look out for a position for him. He was then to follow.

She got the money to pay her passage home from her parents, and they also paid the expenses she had incurred in an Ameri- can hospital. She reached Greenock in September, 1910. Since she came home she had received about £5 altogether, and that was in the first year after she came home.

"I Love You Just as Much as Ever."

In a letter to pursuer, defender confessed that he had not been behaving himself. "This separation has got on my nerves, and it seems to me we shall never see one another again."

In another letter he wrote—"What can I say for myself? I have treated you wrongly. I don't see how I can ever ask you again for forgiveness. Don't forget I love you just as much as ever, although I have neglected you."

Two letters came last year. In one of these he said—"I don't ask you to forgive me. I shall send some money for the boy soon.—Your broken-hearted Husband." In another he wrote—"When I think how I have treated you it does make me feel I don't know my own name. Some day I may send some money for the boy. I know I have wronged and neglected you. I can- not blame you for applying for a divorce."

While he was writing these letters it ap- peared that he had been applying for divorce in the American Courts. Pursuer produced an application filed by the defender in the Courts in Connecticut for a divorce on the ground that she had deserted him for three years. It stated that she had resided with him at Waterbury. Pursuer never resided with defender in Waterbury, nor in the State of Connecticut. Although he had been writing to her and addressing his letters correctly the address given in the American summons was wrong, and it was only by accident she got it.

Pursuer was at present engaged in a muni- tion factory.

Lord Anderson granted decree, with cus- tody, and aliment at the rate of £13, and expenses.

HOUSE SOLD UP AFTER SHORT MARRIED LIFE.

Husband Joins Army as a Single Man.

Edinburgh, Saturday Night.

After a married life extending to only a few months, a Tillicoultry woman found that her house was to be sold up to pay for the rent and the furniture, while her husband had been dismissed from his situation through his intemperate habits. That was in November, 1911.

To-day Lord Anderson, as a sequel, had an action for divorce on the ground of deser- tion before him, at the instance of Isabella Simpson or Binnie, Mary Place, High Street, Tillicoultry, against Thomas G. Binnie, now in the Army Service Corps.

Pursuer stated that she was married in April, 1911. After the marriage they took up house in Graham Street, Stirling. At the time of her marriage she had no reason to suspect he was given to drink, but within three weeks after the marriage she learned that fact. Between the beginning of May and 10th November following, when she left his house, he was very much given to drink all that time. Her mother and a neighbour had to assist her to keep the house going.

Defender threatened her with violence, but never actually struck her. When he was intoxicated he on one occasion talked about getting £100 for the child. His habits got worse every day. One night he lifted a kettle of hot water off the range, and was to throw it at the child and herself. She screamed, and a neighbour came to the stair.

When the rent was about to become due in November he told her he had no money to pay it, and that he was to sell the furni- ture. He brought a man to the house, who bought the kitchen furniture. She never saw the money. He drank it. A Stirling firm lifted the rest of the furniture. De- fender had bought the whole of the furniture from them. She understood it had been all paid for, but at this time learned that not a penny of it was paid. The house was stripped bare, and she had to go home.

Her husband joined the army on the 6th August, 1914, but she did not know that until about a year ago. She also learned that he had joined the army as a single man, and she never got any separation allowance or aliment.

Lord Anderson granted decree, with the custody of the child, and aliment at the rate of five shillings a week.

DRESSMAKER STRIKERS.

EDINBURGH TRADE UNIONISTS' SUPPORT.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

With the object of supporting the Edin- burgh dressmakers, who are on strike, a largely-attended demonstration, organised by the Edinburgh Trades Council, was held this evening at the Mound, Princes Street.

The chairman at the demonstration was Mr Andrew Eunson, president of the Trades Council, and, after explaining the pro- gramme for which the dressmakers were fighting, he said that public sympathy was with them in their struggle. Their de- mands had been described as very moderate indeed, considering the present cost of living.

Mr Robert Allan, vice-president of Edin- burgh Trades Council, in proposing a resolution of sympathy and support for the strikers, declared that their cause should be warmly espoused by the male trade unionists of the city. The dressmakers were the weakest link of the trade unionist chain, and it was up to the trade unionists as a whole to see that they did not go under. They should insist on the girls being given a wage which would enable them to live in decency and comfort. He suggested that the position of the dressmakers was well worthy of the attention of the Commission which had been appointed to inquire into the causes of industrial unrest.

Mr Buckner, Labour member of the School Board, said that the question was not only one of wages and conditions; it was also a question of morality. At the Local Tribunal yesterday they had been considering the case of a young labourer who was getting £3 5s a week; if it took £3 5s to keep a young single man in com- fort, how in the name of Heaven did they expect a woman to live on 14s a week? (Hear, hear.)

The general secretary of the Shop Assistants' Union, Mr John Turner, Lon- don, said that broadly speaking the strikers had won their fight. (Applause.) There were a thousand girls connected with the Union, and of these seven hundred were now at work under the Union programme. That left a little over three hundred still on strike.

STIRLING "C.O.S" SENTENCED

FOR DISOBEYING MILITARY REGULATIONS.

Stirling, Saturday.

Two Stirling "conscientious objectors"— James Logan, printer, who was a left winger of the King's Park and East Stirlingshire Football Clubs, and John Ramsay, painter— have received severe sentences, which were pronounced before a military parade at Stirling.

Logan was sentenced to 168 days' im- prisonment, with hard labour, in Wormwood Scrubbs Prison, London, for refusing to obey an order by his superior officer to put on army boots.

Ramsay was ordered nine months' deten- tion in the Military Prison at Perth for ab- senting himself without leave from national work on which he had been employed for a year.

FATAL BURNING ACCIDENT AT ROSEHALL.

Coatbridge, Saturday.

The death occurred to-day of Patrick Gal- lacher (36), residing at 46 Back Row, Rose- hall, Coatbridge, as a result of severe burn- ing sustained along with David Laird (56), Coats Trades Hotel, Coatbridge, in No. 14 Pit, Rosehall Colliery. The two men had been engaged as mine repairers, clearing away a fall of debris at the coal face, when one of them, on standing up straight, ignited an accumulation of gas in the roof by means of the naked light on his cap. Both men were conveyed to the Royal Infirmary, where Gallacher has succumbed.

VESSEL ON FIRE IN METHIL DOCKS.

Methil, Saturday.

Fire broke out to-day on board a steamer laden with coal lying in Methil Docks. The seat of the outbreak was at the bottom of the hold, and the fire had got a firm hold of the cargo before it was discovered. Buck- haven Fire Brigade was summoned, and was speedily on the scene under Firemaster Bur- nett. A plentiful supply of water was at hand, and the outbreak was got under con- trol, but not before considerable damage had been done to the cargo of several thou- sand tons of coal and to the vessel.

DEATH OF AN AIRDRIE BAILIE.

Airdrie, Saturday.

The death is announced to-day of ex-Bailie James Ramsay, J.P., at his residence, Roballion, Woodburn Avenue, Airdrie, in his seventy-third year. The Bailie was the oldest member of the Airdrie Town Council, having sat continuously as a representative of the Third Ward for the last twenty- seven years. He was three times appointed a Magistrate, twice Dean of Guild, and was honorary treasurer of the burgh for four years. He also did good service as convener of the Public Health Committee for four years.

Bailie Ramsay was a native of Ardulea, Perthshire, and was a Volunteer in the Fair City at the early age of seventeen. He came to Airdrie about fifty years ago, and carried on business as a licensed grocer. He was a Past Master of New Monkland Montrose Masonic Lodge, No. 88, and in his office of Bard of the Provincial Grand Lodge he composed an ode on Masonry in which the lines occurred:—

"The issues of Freemasonry
Expand the human heart;
For on the Level aye we meet
And on the Square we part."

LATEST NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY WIRE AND 'PHONE.

Sergeant William Fisken, who belongs to Luss, has had the honour of being men- tioned in Sir Douglas Haig's latest despatch.

A feature of the ambulance train which arrived at Dundee West Station yesterday morning was the large percentage of cot cases, these numbering 148.

Captain Douglas Reid King, R.A.M.C., a native of Helensburgh, who was recently awarded the Military Cross for gallantry, was killed in action on 7th June.

Fifteen ministers in the Hamilton U.F. Presbytery have returned National Service forms, and up to date not one of the clergy- men has been called upon to undertake duty.

Mr Francis Henderson, Ardincaple Castle, Helensburgh, has offered the Row Parish Council £1000 for the restoration of the old chapel at Faslane, near the head of the Gare- loch.

Yesterday the members of Renton Free- masons' Lodge and their lady friends, to the number of over 600, held a gala day on the policies of Mr Alexander Wylie of Cordale, Renton.

Private Peter G. Nicholson, A. & S.H., who was a ticket-collector at Craigendoran Station, was killed on 23d April, and it is a coincidence that his wife died on the same date two years ago.

Yesterday while Archibald Campbell, 53 years of age, a draughtsman, residing at 324 Crow Road, Partick, was alighting from a tramway car in motion, he fell on the street and fractured his left arm.

Four Gourock soldiers have now won the Military Medal. The latest is Corporal Hugh Millar, who came over with the first contingent of the Canadians, and was formerly a porter at Gourock Station.

THREE TIMES WOUNDED.

Sergeant Joseph Smith, Gordon High- landers, has been awarded the Military Medal for gallantry in the field on 23d April. Sergeant Smith joined the Gordons at the outbreak of war, and has been in the thick of it ever since. He has only been home on one occasion since joining, and that, despite the fact that he has been wounded three times, and gassed on another occasion.

The gallant sergeant belongs to Mother- well, and is the ninth local Gordon to gain the honour. He is a son of Mr Alexander Smith, cycle agent, Parkhead Street.

A want of proper grease for the hutches was the cause of a stoppage in No. 2 Pit, Grange, Bo'ness, belonging to Bridgeness Coal Company, Ltd., and after two days' idleness work was resumed yesterday.

Yesterday was Rose Day in the Vale of Leven, Balloch, and Loch Lomondside dis- trict, in aid of the funds of the Vale of Leven Nursing Association. It was arranged by Miss Ada B. Purdon, Rowantreebank, Alexandria.

Mr Alexander Wylie of Cordale, Renton, has received official intimation that his nephew, Lieutenant Malcolm R. Kinloch Wylie, Seaforth Highlanders, is in hospital in France suffering from gunshot wounds in the left arm and back.

Gold watches have been publicly presented to Lance-Corporal Broom, Royal Scots, Beaucross, by Falkirk, and Private Adam Paterson, A. and S. Highlanders, Bonny- bridge, in recognition of their having each gained the Military Medal.

In Falkirk Sheriff Court yesterday Mr James R. N. Macphail, K.C., presented his commission as Sheriff-Principal for the Sheriffdom of Stirling, Dumbarton, and Clackmannan, in succession to Sheriff J. M. Lees, transferred to Forfarshire. Sheriff- Substitute Moffat introduced his Lordship.

Yesterday thousands of people from Stir- ling and district attended the opening of a week's carnival in Stirling in aid of the Sailors' and Soldiers' Limbless Hospital Association funds, the event being pro- moted by the Allied Meat Trade in Scot- land.

In addition to his two medals gained dur- ing the Boer War, Sergeant William Hogg, Border Regiment, 25 Thornhill Road, Fal- kirk, has now added the French Medaille Militaire, which he has had bestowed upon him for bravery, to his military decorations. Sergeant Hogg has had twelve years' ser- vice with the army.

The death in action in France is an- nounced of Gunner Andrew Rippey, Howit- zer Brigade, a well-known employee of Rothesay Corporation. At the outbreak of war Gunner Rippey was a veteran with twenty-two years' service in the Royal Marine Artillery, but he immediately re- enlisted, and saw much active service in France and Belgium.

A SIXPENNY LOAF.

DEMAND OF DUNDEE CONFERENCE.

DRASTIC ACTION AGAINST PROFITEERING.

Dundee, Saturday Night.

A conference on the national food supply was held at Dundee this afternoon, when about 200 delegates from the counties of Fife, Forfar, Perth, and Aberdeen were present. Mr Nicholas Marra presided.

Mr J. S. Brown, the president of the Dundee Trades Council, moved a resolution outlining a policy for the Government to purchase all essential imported foodstuffs, to commandeer or control all home-grown food products, to commandeer ships, and control transport facilities, to place on the retail markets all supplies so obtained at prices which would secure the full benefit of Government action to the consumer, and to sell bread and flour for the period of the war and six months afterwards at a price not exceeding sixpence per four-pound loaf, any loss so involved to be met as a portion of the general cost of the war.

The time had come, he said, when the working classes of this country would have to tell the Government that they had absolutely failed, and that they would have to remove the influences which held them. The British Navy was not protecting the people at all. It was protecting the exploiter. It was the very existence of the British Navy that enabled the exploiter to keep them by the throat.

Mr R. C. Wallhead, prospective Parliamentary candidate for Coventry, said the attempts of the Government to exercise any control over the foodstuffs had been marked by a stupidity that one would have hardly expected to find outside Bedlam. The working classes should compel the Government to stop profiteering, not only during the course of the war, but when the war was over. (Applause.) Let the Government take the drastic steps as indicated in the resolution, and then we would have some effective guarantee that in the future speculation and profiteering on behalf of all the vested interests that were now preying upon the body politic and bleeding us white would be at an end.

General Election After October.

Mr Ben Shaw, the secretary of the Scottish Section of the National Advisory Committee of the National Labour Party, said he had been told only that day that there was a possibility of a general election immediately after October. Parliament was not representative of the people at all. It did not even pretend to. It was quite clear he thought by this time that those who governed the country to-day were men of money, while it was perfectly clear that they were going to have even a greater crop of millionaires after this war than they were going to have an increase in the wheat crop.

£50 INSTEAD OF £1050.

A POOR SHOW FOR THE "WEE RED BOX."

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Serbian refugees and prisoners of war are the first victims of the discontinuing of the sale on the city cars of war comforts tickets with which a prize-drawing was associated.

The original intention was to sell tickets this week and devote the proceeds to providing comforts for the gallant Serbs, but, following upon the decision of the Tramways Committee and the Town Council, there was no alternative but to substitute the "Wee Red Box."

Into the box this week has been dropped about £50, which is probably quite £1000 less than would have been obtained by the sale of the tickets.

MINERS ON SHORT TIME

Dalkeith, Saturday.

Delegates representing all the colliery districts throughout Midlothian and Haddingtonshire attended a miners' conference at Dalkeith to-day. Reports showed that the mining industry throughout the whole country was depressed. Workmen in many districts were only obtaining on an average three days' work per week at a majority of collieries owing to the absence of shipping facilities.

There was stated to have been a slight improvement in the output of coal during the past five days. Orders from manufacturers throughout Scotland, however, continued unchanged.

BOY RUN OVER BY TAXI AT ABERDEEN.

Aberdeen, Saturday Night.

A very distressing fatal accident occurred about 5.30 this afternoon in King Street, Aberdeen, when John Moir, the ten-year-old son of James Moir, trimmer, R.N.R., 9 Princes Street, was knocked down and run over by a taxi-cab. Death was practically instantaneous.

STIRLINGSHIRE SEPTUAGENARIAN'S DEATH.

Kilsyth, Saturday.

The death took place to-day of Mr Henry Lawrie, Haggs Village, Stirlingshire, after a short illness.

Mr Lawrie's seven sons have all been soldiers, three of them being killed in this war, while a fourth was accidentally killed a few days after coming home from the army. A fifth was fatally injured while in the army.

Mr Lawrie, who was seventy-three years of age, is the fifth old-age pensioner in a small district to die within three weeks.

MONTROSE FARM FIRE.

Montrose, Saturday Night.

A stack of hay on Barrowfield Farm, Montrose, was destroyed by fire to-day. Montrose Fire Brigade prevented the flames spreading to the farm steading, which was only ten feet distant.

The damage is estimated at between £200 and £300.

TRIBUNAL'S STRONG PROTEST

AGAINST MILITARY MEDICAL BOARDS.

MAN KEPT NAKED FOR THREE HOURS.

Motherwell, Saturday.

On several occasions recently indignant protests have been made by members of the Motherwell Military Service Tribunal in regard to what was termed the scandalous treatment meted out to men from the district who had to undergo medical examination at the hands of the Military Medical Board in Hamilton.

Bailie Coughlin at this week's sitting of the Tribunal told of a man who was kept waiting for examination from 7.45 a.m. till after three o'clock in the afternoon, although he had his work to attend to.

The Clerk (Mr Burns) pointed out that he had already written the military authorities regarding complaints, but had merely received the usual formal intimation that the matter was being considered.

When the Tribunal met on Friday evening the question again emerged in connection with the application by the military representative for withdrawal of conditional exemption certificate previously granted to a man of thirty-eight.

Kept Naked for Three Hours.

The man stated that he had originally been classified C2, but that the military authorities recalled his card and refused to return it to him. When he went before them for medical examination the military asserted that he had been originally classed B2, and that his status would be raised. They accordingly passed him for general service.

At Hamilton he underwent no medical re-examination, and was not asked any of the questions that were being put to other men. The authorities had all his medical history before them. He did not consider that he had got fair play, as he suffered from chronic rheumatics in the knee. As a result of the treatment he had received in being kept waiting almost naked for three hours he had caught a chill, and subsequently collapsed.

He was confined to his bed for five days, and was unable to attend work for a full week. Being advised to obtain a medical certificate from his own doctor, he had instead gone to Hamilton. Either by accident or otherwise, he had dropped into the consulting room of a military doctor, and there had his knee examined and prescribed for. (Laughter.)

Provost's Strong Protest.

Provost Macneill said he thought the Clerk should be instructed to make representation to the proper authorities expressing their utter disgust at the way in which the men from this district were being treated.

Mr Andrew Russell said the thing was a perfect scandal, and action should have been taken long ago.

Ex-Bailie Frood thought that, instead of writing the military authorities in Hamilton, who, he said, seemed to be a law unto themselves, the Tribunal should ask their member of Parliament to raise the question.

The Clerk suggested that he should be granted powers to write the War Office or take whatever steps might be deemed necessary to have the matter remedied.

The case under review was remitted to the Central Medical Board.

JACK'S NIGHT OUT.

Glasgow Street Scene.

Glasgow, Saturday.

The story of the outgoings of a jolly Jack Tar was heard at Glasgow Southern Police Court to-day, when a young man named John M'Kay, dressed in sailor's garb, appeared at the bar to answer a charge, which he denied, of having the previous night been riotous in his behaviour, and assaulted Constables Russell and Cornwall in Rutherglen Road.

The evidence showed that the accused sailor, who admitted having so much liquor that he did not know what he was doing, and had only a hazy recollection of the affair, was the means, by his outrageous conduct, of a crowd of several hundreds gathering in Rutherglen Road. The two officers, reinforced by two special constables, were taking accused to the lock-up, when he struck out at them, lay down, and kicked the policemen. The crowd took the part of the sailor, and missiles of various kinds were thrown at the constables.

Police Judge Alexander found M'Kay guilty, and a fine of one guinea, which was imposed, was at once paid. The accused, however, was again taken in charge by the police as an absentee from his ship, and was locked up in a cell.

NAVAL SEAMAN'S CYCLING ACCIDENT.

Falkirk, Saturday.

Between eight and nine o'clock to-night, while a naval seaman named William Ailand was cycling near the entrance to Grangemouth Docks, he was thrown violently over the handle-bars on to the road, sustaining severe injuries to his head.

It appears that one of the wheels of the cycle became locked in the groove of the rail at the level crossing, resulting in the accident.

The unfortunate man was admitted to Falkirk Infirmary, where he was found to be very badly cut about the head.

E. Phillip Oppenheim's great new story—"The Girl from New York: a tale of the Secret Service"—will begin in next week's issue of "The Post Sunday Special." This distinguished author needs no introduction. His stories have enthralled readers wherever the English tongue is spoken, and we predict confidently that "The Girl from New York" will be one of the serial sensations of the year. As a story of the extraordinary part played by the Secret Service in the war it has not been surpassed.

WIFE WANTED TO GO ON THE CARS

AS SHE WAS SICK TIRED LIVING IN POVERTY.

SHIP DRAUGHTSMAN'S ACTION.

"Just an Ordinary Lodger."

Edinburgh, Saturday.

Some extraordinary evidence was led in a divorce action in the Court of Session yesterday before Lord Ormidale. The co-defender in the case was a plumber, and it was stated by the pursuer that his wife had first become acquainted with the co-defender through his coming to her house to do some plumbing work.

The action was at the instance of William M'Call, ship's draughtsman, 21 Upper Newtonards Road, Belfast, against Julia Watt or M'Call, 13 Murray Street, Maryhill, Glasgow, and against Robert Jardine, formerly a plumber in Glasgow, and now serving in the army.

Pursuer (41) stated that he was a ship's draughtsman, and had been employed in Leith, Paisley, and on the Clyde. He was now in Belfast in that capacity. The parties were married in September, 1899. There had been eight children of the marriage, one of whom had died. They lived all right together until a sister of defender's came on the scene. He objected to her coming about the house, because she took his wife out at nights and they stayed out late.

When he was in Leith his wages were £2 5s, and in Paisley £2 10s. He gave defender all his wages. He denied that he was given to betting, but said he was not a teetotaller, although he did not drink to excess.

He first came to know the co-defender Jardine two years ago last April. He had been doing some work about the house as a plumber, and he met him on that occasion. He spoke to his wife several times objecting to co-defender coming about the house, and on one occasion he wrote defender on the subject. Defender, in reply, said she would have him coming about the house if she thought fit. One of the children died about August, 1916, and he came to Glasgow. He did not see Jardine, but as a result of certain information he called on 16th August with a detective. Jardine was not in the house on that occasion. Owing to further information he determined to call again, and on 12th November, 1916, he went along, accompanied by a detective, about a quarter to eleven.

He knocked at the door, but at first got no answer. After knocking two or three times, the door was unlocked and opened by one of the boys. He walked in. His wife was coming out of the room, and he made to go in there, but she barred him. Pursuer, however, put her aside and entered. Jardine was in the bed. Pursuer said that was all he wanted. Defender said it had been a divorce he had been looking for, and he had been looking for it for a long time. She was —— well sick of him.

The defender had never told him she had taken co-defender in as a lodger while he was in Ireland. He sent her on an average 23s per week, and paid her rent. One of the boys was working, and got 12s 6d a week, while occasionally he sent her extra money.

The Police Called In.

In cross-examination, pursuer stated that his wages were now £4 10s. There were two of a family when he was in Leith and gave his wife £2 5s. There were now five. He had never struck his wife, but had reproved the children in a fatherly way. He remembered a night when they were residing in Newlands Drive in Partick, when the defender and her brother came into the house, and the police were called in.

With reference to the evening on which he first met the co-defender, he and the co-defender had several drinks together, and later his wife, Jardine, and he went to a picture house, but he denied that in the theatre he was rather obstreporous and abusive, and used strong language towards his wife. His wife did not leave the theatre because of his conduct. They came out together.

When his son Harry died, he did not go straight to the house when he came from Belfast, but called at the police office, because he was wanting protection. He did not know whether Jardine was there or not, but he did not go to the funeral because he knew fine there would be a row. He did not know whether his son was buried in public ground or not.

Detective's Evidence.

Detective Gordon Ogilvie, of the Maryhill Division, spoke to visiting the house with accused by instructions. On the occasion of the boy's death, when in the house with defender beside the body, the prisoner asked who had ordered the coffin. He seemed annoyed that the coffin had been ordered when he was not present. The children appeared well fed and nourished when he called, and there was no sign of neglect.

Scene in a Picture House.

Defender stated that she was thirty-seven. When they were in Partick some weeks she only got thirty and thirty-five shillings. It was very seldom she got all his pay. He had struck her and threw a chair at her, and he had struck the children because they stuck up for her and came in between them when he was the worse for drink. She said that on the night she was out with her brother Albert, and her boy went for the police, he ran through the house with a razor. She denied that she and her sister went out and stayed out late at nights. She went to the car with her sister, who was in service.

She first met co-defender when he came to repair the gas. It was on a different occasion from the time her husband was first introduced that they went to the picture house. Pursuer went home alone that night on the car. They went straight to the house. Pursuer was at the back green with his bag packed when they got home. Co-defender and pursuer had words, but ultimately they made it up. Co-defender lost the last car to Springburn, and stayed that night with them. He slept in the sofa in the room with all his clothes on, and defender slept in the kitchen with the children. Co-defender never gave her a ring. She had said all along her brothers were to take her to Canada. It was never mentioned that Jardine was to take her.

Sick Tired of Poverty.

She told pursuer she would either have to go on the cars or take in a lodger, as she was sick tired living in poverty, and her sister was tired keeping them. Jardine was going to change to Maryhill to be nearer his work for the winter, and asked her son Alex. if she was still thinking of taking a lodger. Alex. said he could sleep with him in the room. It was arranged, and Jardine came to lodge with them on the last Saturday of October. He was to pay 18s for his board and washing. On the Saturday before pursuer made his morning visit, co-defender was suffering from tonsilitis, and was to get it lanced that day. In consequence, she did not allow Alex. to sleep with him that night. He slept in the couch in front of the kitchen fire. When pursuer called they were just going to have breakfast.

Just an Ordinary Lodger.

The co-defender, who said he was twenty-seven, said he had called back at M'Coll's house after he had been working there just the same as they did at any of the other tenants if they were asked and felt inclined. He took a great interest in the boy Alex. He heard Mrs M'Coll on the day of the child's funeral say she would take in a lodger or go on the tramways, and, as he was looking for lodgings in Maryhill, he mentioned it to Alex. He denied the allegations that he had committed adultery with the defender. He was just an ordinary lodger in the house.

The case was continued for a week.

EDINBURGH TRAM WORKERS

DEMAND BIG WAR BONUS.

EARLY MORNING MASS MEETING.

Edinburgh, Saturday Night.

As a result of widespread dissatisfaction with the present scale of wages amongst the drivers, conductors, and conductresses employed by the Edinburgh and District Tramway Company, a demand has been presented on behalf of all the employees for an additional war bonus of seven shillings and sixpence per week.

A provisional war bonus of 2s 6d per week to married men has been given by the Directors, but inquiries to-night seem to indicate that this falls considerably short of the employees' desires.

In order to get the opinion of the majority of the workers on their position in regard to the war bonus proposals, it has been arranged to hold a mass meeting of the tramway employees in the early hours of to-morrow morning. The whole situation will be discussed, and it is expected that a definite line of action will be decided upon at this meeting.

If the employees' demands are granted, it will mean an addition of something like £25,000 per year to the company's wage bill.

EARLY AYRSHIRE POTATOES.

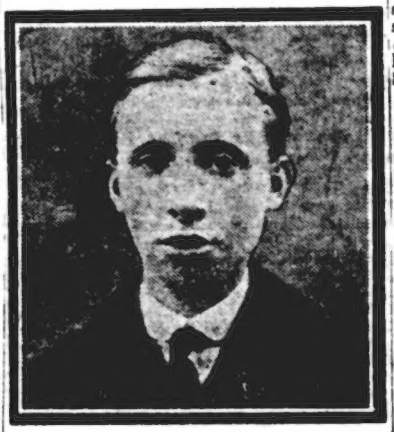
Record Crop Expected.

Girvan, Saturday.

There is every likelihood Ayrshire early potatoes will, contrary to statements made in Parliament, be marketed considerably earlier than was thought possible a few weeks ago.

Some authorities indeed predict that by the end of next week crops will be ready for lifting. The potatoes are certainly in great bloom, and never looked better above ground, while the great heat of the past fortnight has had incalculably good effect on the tubers. Farmers are agreed there will be a record crop.

DUAL HONOUR FOR AIRDRIE YOUTH.



The officer commanding one of the companies of the Howe Battalion, R.N.D., writes to the parents of A.-B. William Clune, 72 Hallcraig Street, Airdrie, assuring them that he has neither a better nor braver man in his company than their son, who has received the Military Medal. "I shall never forget his gallant deeds," says the officer. Clune, who is nineteen years of age, is to receive another medal. He has served in Gallipoli, and also at Salonika, being transferred to France a year ago.

YESTERDAY AT THE COAST.

BIG CROWDS AND BRILLIANT SUNSHINE.

(By Wire and 'Phone From Our Own Correspondent.)

Bright sunshine was recorded at the Meteorological Office yesterday as follows:—Oban, 2.3; Banff, 4.6; Montrose, 6.4; Nairn, 5.8; Carnoustie, 10.3; Glasgow, 10.2.

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The weather was dull but dry, with bright intervals at Rothesay yesterday, after a week of almost continuous daily sunshine. The town is fairly busy, large numbers of holiday-makers arriving by each steamer.

An entertainers' company has opened its season at the band pavilion, while the Palace Cinema has reopened for the summer. There is a brisk demand for July accommodation, and the local hydros and boarding houses are already well filled.

The effect of the resumption of the steamer sailings to Kilchattan Bay has been to greatly improve the prospects of this popular little Bute resort.

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Something of a sensation has been created in Dunoon by a public statement by the Senior Bailie of the burgh regarding the plentiful supply of food lying in store and waiting the arrival of the thousands of expectant trippers to gobble it up.

According to Bailie Lees, there is in the town flour to last from four to six months. There is no fear of a scarcity, and there are better conditions in Dunoon than in the big centres.

July at Dunoon has every indication of going to be a "buster," as yesterday morning till night people are on the hunt for accommodation.

For the first time for many years the Pavilion and Gardens entertainments, which up till two years ago were in the hands of the Town Council, will not begin till the first week of July, but the popular Merry Geishas entertainers in the East Bay have opened their season, and the picture house is putting on its summer programme.

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Difficulty having been experienced in securing a troupe of pierrots, there are to be no al fresco entertainers on Gourock Esplanade this season. The Town Council are endeavouring to arrange for the band of the Royal Scots Fusiliers giving performances at intervals, collections to be taken for war funds.

Contrary to expectations, the motor 'bus service between Gourock and Largs was resumed yesterday. Judging from the large crowds which made the journey, the run has lost none of its popularity. There is no Sunday service.

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Largs was well filled with holiday-makers yesterday, and with the male members of the families down for the week-end the place looks about as busy as it generally is in July. The Largs landlady attributes her luck partly to the attractions of Largs itself, and partly to the rumours about U boats in the estuary, which were current some time ago, and are said to be reacting seriously on the coast resorts to which a steamboat passage is necessary.

The Smart Set Cadets have started their ninth consecutive season as al fresco entertainers at Largs. The only members of last year's company whom Mr Sawyer has this year are Mr Carson Hicks, the popular comedian, and Mr J. W. Bowie, the Glasgow tenor. There are four ladies in the company of eight.

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June is giving every indication that the season will be a good one for Girvan, and the number of visitors for the month must be a record. To-day arrivals for the second fortnight saw the Brighton of the West looking its fairest.

Sam Kelly's Vaudettes, under the charge of Pat Clarke, opened their season at the bandstand, and made a big impression on a considerable crowd.

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At Ayr glorious weather prevailed, and all roads led to the Banks of Doon Tea Gardens, where the orchestra under Mr Burgoyne and solos by Mr Herbert Gillard, discharged Dragoon Guardsman, delighted large audiences.

In the opinion of Ayr house agents, the present season for landladies promises to be a record for July and August.

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Our Leven correspondent writes:—Visitors this week to the towns and villages clustering around the lovely sweep of Largo Bay have been very numerous.

The Forth is swarming with fish, and to-day several good catches were landed, cod up to 30 lbs. being hooked.

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At Aberdeen the sun shone brightly, tempered by a light southerly breeze. There were times when the temperature reached almost to that of Thursday of this week, when 70 degrees in the shade were registered.

A flag day, promoted by the Y.W.C.A. for the benefit of war funds, was a great success, over 900 young ladies assisting in the sale of flags. Next week-end will be a great one in Aberdeen, and to-day arrangements were made for giving a hearty welcome to Lord French when he comes to inspect the 1st City of Aberdeen Volunteer Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders.

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There is a fair number of visitors at Pitlochry, considering the times, and the outlook for the season is regarded as hopeful. Visitors share in the distribution of sugar by tickets, so that they are placed on the same level as residenters.

Sir Oliver and Lady Riddell are visitors at Fisher's Hotel, and Dr G. F. Barbour, of Benskied, is spending the week-end at his country residence prior to going North to take up duty at the Churches Hut, Cromarty.

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Prospects are brightening at Aberfeldy and applications for apartments are on the increase.

Lord Breadalbane has granted permission to anglers, in addition to privileges already held, to use trout minnow and trout bait on the River Tay during

BEHIND THE GERMAN VEIL

The Great Zeppelin Illusion: Thrilling Escapades with a Camera.

By J. M. de BEAUFORT.

"IT'S our Kaiser, and no one else, that the English have to thank, that half of their London is not laid in ashes."

This cheerful statement was made to me by Major Herworth von Bitterfeld, of the General Staff, at a dinner given by Baron Mumm von Schwarzenstein, of the Foreign Office, to various neutral journalists, including myself, at the time stationed in Berlin.

My informant was perfectly serious when he made the statement quoted above, and I am convinced that he believed every word he said. I know that he has many influential connections in the Kaiser's immediate entourage, and I am indebted to him for many bits of gossip and real information. Especially after having finished a bottle or two of "Pommery Sec," his favourite vintage, Bitterfeld could be relied upon to do his duty by any enterprising journalist. In the major's case conviviality bred loquacity.

I heard a great deal in those months about Zeppelin raids on Britain. A great deal was expected of them.

In those days the favourite shape for menu cards was a pasteboard Zeppelin or aeroplane. Naturally, not infrequently they formed an easy introduction to aeronautical subjects, and, of course, from Zeppelins to a raid over London is only an after-dinner flight.

I must admit that many things I learned at that dinner have subsequently come true; many others, again, have not and never will.

The Germans are poor psychologists. A mass Zeppelin attack on London was looked upon as the greatest trump card Germany had up her sleeve. They fondly imagined that a few serious raids over London would make the British public squeal and clamour for peace!

"Air defences! Ha, my dear fellow," so I was assured again and again, "there is absolutely no adequate defence against our Zeppelins. They can fly ten thousand feet high, which is totally out of reach of any air gun yet invented. Let them make their London dark; they cannot cover up the Thames, they cannot hide St Paul's and the Tower. As to attacks by aeroplanes, our machine guns will take care of those."

"Just what can a Zeppelin do or not do?" was one of my pet questions, and many and varied were the replies I received in answer. More about them anon. Let us return to the soft-hearted Kaiser and Major Bitterfeld.

The "Tender-Hearted" Kaiser.

"Ever since the beginning of the war," the major assured me, "various chiefs of the 'Marineamt'" (Admiralty) "and of the Great General Staff have been trying to persuade the Emperor to sign the edict ordering periodical air raids on London. Alas!" (with a deep sigh) "until now without success." I was told—by various informants—that the Kaiser refused on the grounds that London was an undefended town, and that he could not allow an attack from the air on his own relations! "I know," sadly concluded the major, "how very hard some of our leaders have pleaded and argued with him."

"London is the heart and brain of this terrible war, and it should be given a taste of what war really is. A raid with some ten or fifteen of our latest Zeppelins would accomplish this thoroughly."

I was told that in February, 1915, twenty Zeppelins had been ready for a preliminary raid over London, but absolutely at the eleventh hour the plan had to be abandoned, as the Kaiser refused his sanction.

"It was the same old story with our submarines," my informant continued; "it took us several months to persuade the Emperor that we had to meet force with force. The bill was only signed about six weeks before it took effect. I suppose we must have patience a little longer with our Zeppelins. Anyhow, we have been over to leave our cards."

Everybody was agreed on the one cardinal point, viz., their absolute confidence in the power of Zeppelins; but the ideas of their greatest usefulness differed widely.

"Our Zeppelins may not entirely revolutionise warfare, but they will play a very important part in it. Up till now the need of them has not been so urgent, as we have been fighting mainly on land; but when 'The Day' arrives, and the British Fleet comes out of its hiding-place in the Irish Sea, then, my friends, the world will learn what a Zeppelin can do."

The speaker was a man in the early thirties, and I feel sure that he was sincere.

"Oh," he added passionately, "if they would only come out!" I could not help looking with a perfectly blank expression on my face—"Who—the British or the Germans?"

"You see," another went on to explain to me, 'everybody who knows anything at all about naval warfare and British naval strategy is aware that they have always proclaimed the theory that 'the enemy's coast is the first line of defence.' What has become of that axiom? Where are their ships?"

I inquired whether an air raid over London would not be an extremely hazardous and expensive undertaking. How many of the twenty Zeppelins would return? What would become of the manageability of an airship when heavy loads were suddenly dropped from it? Had the damage they did to Paris been worth the risk? But nothing could shake their confidence.

"In the first place," so I was told for the tenth time, "we have not yet begun to use our reserve surprises. We must hold something back for emergencies. Suppose—mind you, I say only suppose — that we should suffer some serious set-back in France and Belgium, and deem it advisable to return to our own frontier. Then would come the time to bring our Zeppelins into play. How long, do you think, would the British population stand continual night raids on their cities? Who do you think would soonest cry 'Enough?'"

"Now as to the risks. From what you have seen of the spirit, the enthusiasm of our people, do you doubt for one moment but that you could find a thousand volunteers a day for any Zeppelin trip across the North Sea?" (By the way, I noticed during the last weeks of my stay in Germany that they referred more to the crossing of the North Sea than— as was usually the case heretofore — exclusively to "Flying across the Channel.") "We Germans do not think of our lives when the good of the Fatherland is at stake."

As an interesting little sidelight on this man's character, I learned later that he was originally an artillery officer, was wounded before Verdun, and for some months unable to walk without a stick. During that time he managed, through influence, to obtain a second-in-command commission on a submarine.

"I do not know a single compatriot of mine," he continued, "who would hesitate to volunteer for such a journey. Then, as to material costs. Suppose we did lose half our airships? The real mistake our enemies make is to think that we are weakening as the war goes on. Our great system is only the basis of our army and navy.

"We are building up, creating as the war continues. Germany's motto has changed once more; it is no longer 'Our future lies on the water,' but, 'Our future lies in the air.' The longer the war lasts, the stronger our air power will be, the less Great Britain will remain an island. If necessary, we can build an airship in a month, and an aeroplane in just half that time.

"Just as likely as not, this war may not be definitely decided; but, in that case, it will soon be followed by another war with Britain, and then our airships will play the greatest part."

They Know Better Now.

I inquired what Great Britain was going to do in the meantime, whether she was going to lag behind in the building of an air fleet? Perhaps Albion would say—"For every German airship we'll build two!" What then?

I was anxious to see what the answer would be. Truth to tell, I thought I had him "on the hip." The speaker looked at me for a second or two before answering. If I had wanted to be very critical I might have discovered a trace of sincere pity in his look. Such ignorance! Then he smiled good-humouredly.

"What, then, you ask? Britain has not the armies which it can transport—by air—to Germany, to deliver a decisive battle, and to follow up the advantage of her air fleet. The Britisher, in his conceited ignorance, his boastfulness, will never agree to conscription, and no one will ever be able to make him see his danger. Therein lies his ultimate ruin. I say once more, and most emphatically, Britain's greatest strength, the fact of its being an island, is disappearing fast. The huge size of its Empire, its millions of inhabitants, its fleet, none of those factors will count. It's the twenty-five miles between Dover and Calais which will ultimately seal her fate, and make her cede her place as the first world Power to Germany."

"Wilhelmshaven, the nearest German naval harbour, is nearly three hundred miles from London, and, as far as Berlin is concerned, that town is entirely beyond Britain's reach. But London is less than one hundred miles from Calais, near enough to organise an aerial invasion. I do not say that is going to happen in this war, but it will come."

We returned then to the subject of Zeppelins as an auxiliary to the fleet. Here is the formula which was sketched for me on the back of a menu card—"The cost of a Zeppelin is about £125,000." (I have seen in Britain figures that state double this amount, but I am quite sure they are exaggerated. The first naval Zeppelins cost a million marks, £50,000. Recent improvements have not increased the cost of construction by more than 150 per cent.) "One British Dreadnought costs £2,000,000. Suppose we spend a little over half the money a Dreadnought costs on airships, that would give us ten Zeppelins to place against every British Dreadnought. A Dreadnought needs about 1000 men; ten airships about 200. A Dreadnought can do about twenty-five miles an hour, an airship at least forty to fifty. How is a battleship going to escape its ten pursuers?

"Give each airship only ten torpedoes, each the average weight of a man, say, about 75 kilogrammes. Now, my friend, will you tell me what chance a British battleship would have under such circumstances? A hundred air torpedoes raining from the sky, any one of which can destroy her."

The dimensions of the latest super-Zeppelins are approximately—

Length	800 feet.
Diameter	75 feet.
Speed	50 to 60 miles.
Navigable height	15,000 feet.
Gas capacity approx.	2,000,000 cubic feet.

The subject of the number of Zeppelins Germany has has always been a matter of speculation, in Germany itself as well as abroad. The figures I learned in Germany ranged between 50 and 120. The rule of the happy medium may apply here too. Official figures are difficult, if not entirely impossible, to obtain. The Zeppelins now are mostly under the jurisdiction of the German "Marineamt," and it would be easier to make the Sphinx talk than to squeeze an interview of any importance or value out of that institution. I am speaking from personal experience.

There was a day when the Germans thought the Zeppelins to be "the terror of London," and this cartoon, depicting Lord Nelson descending from his column to ride in the underground railway, was at one time very popular. The Germans do not crow about their Zeppelins now.

The Zeppelin Lairs.

What I did come across, though — how, when and where are of no interest at present—was an official list of Zeppelin sheds in Germany. I was indiscreet enough to feast my hungry journalistic eyes on it, and even succeeded in making a hasty copy. From this list it is possible to construct a fairly accurate estimate of the number of Zeppelins Germany has, or at least had, last year.

On the Eastern frontier there are seven different Zeppelin stations, namely—

Thorn, Posen, Allenstein, Konigsberg, Liegnitz (near Breslau), Schneidemuhl, Graudenz.

Near the Western frontier fifteen different stations were enumerated, namely, at—

Metz, Aix la Chapelle, Strassburg, Cologne (at Nippes and at Bickendorf), Frankfurt-am-Main, Friedrichshafen, Oos (Baden, Black Forest), Mannheim, Treves, Lahr (Baden), Leichlingen (near Essen), Wanne, Manzell (near Friedrichshafen).

Berlin is practically surrounded by Zeppelin sheds. They are at—

Johannisthal (General Aerodrome), Tegel, Biesdorf, Potsdam.

In Central Germany the following places were recorded as having Zeppelin sheds:—

Leipzig, Dresden, Gotha, Hanover.

Bitterfeld (twenty-five miles north of Leipsig).

Near the coast (North Sea) are—

Wilhelmshaven, Cuxhaven, Heligoland, Fuhlsbuttel (Hamburg), Tondern, Tonning, Kiel.

In Belgium—

Brussels, Ghent, Dinant, Bruges.

Together with the above list, and a map showing Zeppelin sheds in Germany, I obtained plans and drawings of a Zeppelin, giving much interesting information.

I give you these views for what they are worth. I must add that they are not the opinions of civilians, but all of them were expressed to me either by military or naval officers, some of them members of flying squadrons.

One of the main reasons why they thought their Zeppelins invincible was explained to me again and again, and at great length.

"You see, our latest super-Zeppelins are filled with absolutely uninflammable gas," so I was told. "They can punch as many holes in that great gas bag as they like, but as long as two of the twenty odd compartments remain whole the Zeppelin will be able to return home." (I wonder what they are thinking about that "uninflammable gas" now?).

Hunting with the Camera.

It will seem strange, but it is a fact, that the man with a camera in the German lines is not treated half as badly as he is on allied territory. In France he is looked on as a dangerous criminal, and degenerates into a hunted pariah. (I am speaking from personal knowledge on both fronts.)

In Germany, if you have a permit, which is not at all difficult to obtain if you represent a neutral paper, you can practically photograph anyone or anything—with two notable exceptions. Anything connected with the navy or with Zeppelins is taboo. You must not show a camera anywhere near the North Sea coast, the naval bases, or the Kiel Canal. If you have no permit, as was my sad case, the best thing is to act as if you had one, and it is a hundred to one that nobody will bother you.

From the oldest general—not even excepting Hindenburg—to the youngest recruit, all soldiers dearly love to have their pictures taken. If the photographer happens to be a neutral, so much the better. In that case they combine duty and patriotism with pleasure. Because surely any photograph of the German Army must impress neutral countries with Germany's invincibility.

My harvest of snapshots was prolific. It would have needed a waggon-load of films to take all the scenes I was invited to immortalise. Everyone you came in contact with had something "sehr interessant," a "priceless" study to show you. Of course, nine times out of ten his own effigy was included.

I soon fond that I would have to husband my reserve of films, so, for every real photograph I took, I "snap-shotted" at least ten others—in theory! I got quite expert in going through the feint of focussing, setting, snapping the camera and turning the film. The plains of Poland are strewn with cards and addresses of soldiers and officers, who think they have been photographed, and are still waiting (and, I fear, will continue to do so) for the "proofs."

But I will say they were a most obliging lot. Prisoners or transports were halted; guns were placed in position; travelling field-kitchens or bakeries were labouriously turned to the right side of the sun (if any); market-places were cleared of uninteresting civilians; shells were taken from their baskets; and one most obliging officer even went so far as to fire a few rounds of the field-gun (77), so as to enable me to photograph it "in action." Curiously enough, the pose he assumed betokened a greater affection for the camera than for the gun!

I photographed a spy, a Polish Jew, who had been cutting the telephone wires to headquarters. I did not mean to, but, absent-mindedly, I went through the real manipulations instead of the sham ones. They suggested I should photograph him while being shot; but I drew the line at that, I am sure greatly to the disappointment of the officer commanding the firing-squad.

Snapped Big and Little Willie.

Then there was the meeting between the German Emperor and the Crown Prince near Longwy. I photographed them both, a somewhat foolhardy thing to do, considering that I had no permit! Father and son were standing together watching some French prisoners march past. From where I stood I had quite a good view of my royal quarry, but I was anxious to get the Crown Prince's very intellectual profile. I flatter myself I succeeded very well. But, as the shutter clicked, the Crown Prince started, and, pointing his riding-whip at me, shouted—"Who is that?" My escort, a colonel, who, of course, took it for granted that I had a permit, sprang to attention, and explained that I was a distinguished neutral journalist, and a personal acquaintance of General von Nagel. [General von Nagel was at that time chief of the Bavarian General Staff. Some eight years ago I used to know his wife, an American lady, very well, and she kindly gave me a letter of introduction to her husband. I had not met him at the time; in fact, some hitches in my progress, which necessitated a sudden change of climate, prevented me from presenting that letter, and, alas! a great many others.]

Though I knew I was perfectly safe—the colonel was responsible for my being there, and, naturally, he was not going to minimise my importance—I will admit that I had that peculiar feeling down my spine which makes you wonder "what is going to happen next."

It was by no means always plain sailing. It is an old but tried truism that if you don't have a set-back now and again, you begin to think that the world was built for your private amusement. I very nearly landed in prison for photographing a couple of Zeppelins. All my films were confiscated except one, an unexposed roll. But I managed, after the rolls had been counted, to substitute that one for an exposed film, and in that way saved a few Zeppelin pictures.

All persons who have taken photographs or moving pictures anywhere within the war zones must have three sets printed, and submit these to the Photograph Censor Department of the Great General Staff in Berlin. There they are inspected and stamped, and either passed for publication or refused. An interesting item of this department is that the head of it is also the senior partner of one of the largest cinema companies in Berlin, Messrs Messter & Co. On the official instructions you receive, that firm is recommended for developing your films and plates. Herr Messter, through his position on the General Staff, is able to obtain free of charge for his firm—and makes a point of doing so—copies of all photographs and films obtained by neutral photographers.

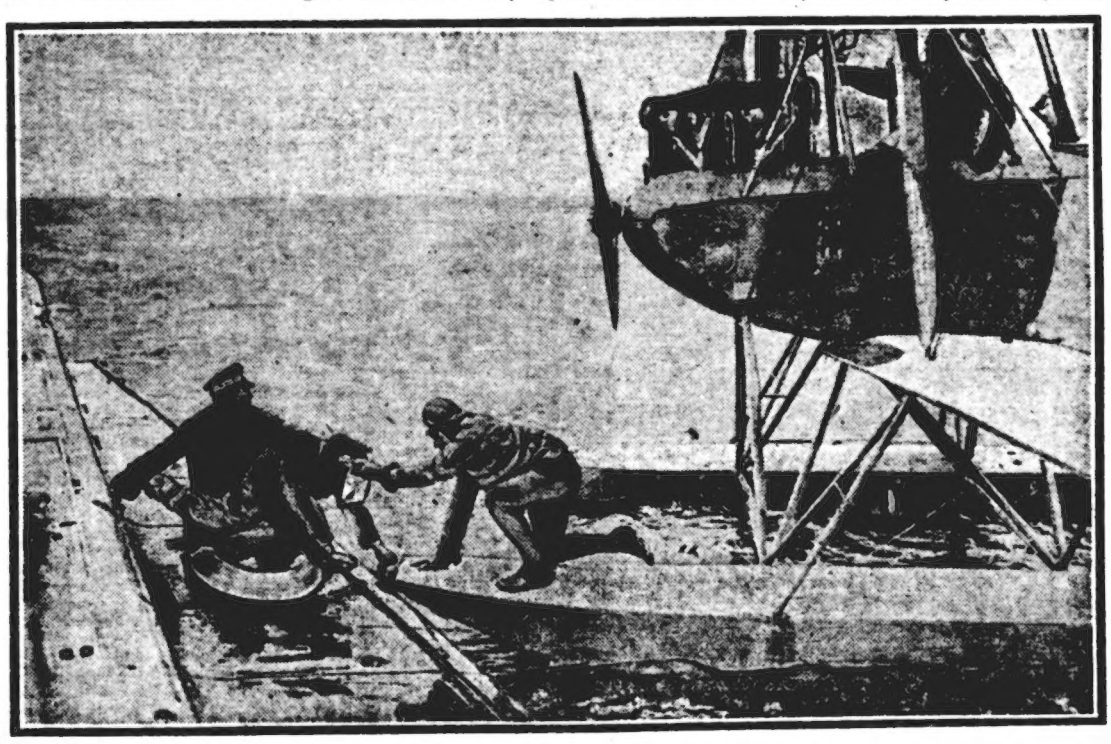
Just to annoy Herr Messter, I took this matter up, acting on behalf of an American cinema operator. I claimed that that man ought to receive a certain percentage of the proceeds derived by Messrs Messter & Co. from the sale of his films to German users. The answer was that the films taken by neutral photographers are only passed for use in neutral countries, and that the privilege of exhibiting those pictures in Germany was a German prerogative! Moreover that he had had his films developed free of charge.

Some of my films were submitted to the General Staff Censor, and, let me get it off my mind at once, it was most galling to see many of my hard-earned snapshots reproduced in, and paid for by, German periodicals. I made a point of finding out whether they had been gratuitously distributed through the censor's office. This was not the case. They were sold by the firm of Messter & Co. to the trade.

Business is business—even at such a high-class institution as the General Staff.

But why should I grumble? It is a source of the greatest satisfaction to me that neither the General Staff nor Herr Messter ever laid eyes on the majority of my films! They were developed after my return to London by my very able agents, The Sport and General Press Agency.

To anyone looking for excitement, I can thoroughly recommend "hunting" with a camera in the war zones.



A German seaplane receiving important papers from a U-boat on the High Seas.

NEXT WEEK—Spies and Spying.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

THE "POLITICS" OF AIR RAIDS.

ENEMY'S PRECARIOUS HOLD ON BELGIUM.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

London, Saturday Night.

WHAT may be described as the "Politics" of air raids is very much to the fore in London just now. The belief is that a marked increase of this form of "Frightfulness" is to be looked for in the near future, in view of the success which attended the last serious raid.

The suggestion that warning should be given by means of hooters and the ringing of bells certainly does not find any favour. Even the elaborate street preparations now made by the authorities whenever an alarm is given come in for some criticism. A spectacular display of motor ambulances, which might very well be kept under cover till they are required, is calculated to increase rather than diminish public alarm.

What people are asking is whether the authorities are taking adequate steps to meet and defeat any big increase of Germany's raiding resources. The talk about America turning out 100,000 aeroplanes is, of course, sheer nonsense, seeing that the cost of maintaining even a fleet of 10,000 aeroplanes for a year works out at something over a hundred million pounds. But it is almost certain that Germany will endeavour to hold out promise of victory by aeroplanes as soon as the failure of the submarines is established, and it behoves our Air Board, therefore, to be up and doing.

Significance of Haig's Strategy

Happily, perhaps, for us the Germans hitherto have not realised the full potentialities of the aeroplane as an instrument of war. If Berlin had expended on Taubes all the money she has sunk in submarines and Zeppelins, the menace to the civilian population of this country might by this time have been very serious. In this particular, as in many others, the words "too late" will probably be written by the historians on the records of Germany's war preparations.

It is possible, and indeed probable, that Von Hindenburg is planning a great air campaign for the months to come. But the success of raids directed against London, and more particularly against the great provincial centres which will probably receive ever-increasing attention as time goes on, is very largely dependent on Germany's occupation of Western Belgium.

And the strategy Sir Douglas Haig is pursuing gives very excellent promise that Germany's tenure of the coast line will not be of very much longer duration. The capture of the Wytschaete salient constitutes a direct menace to Lille, which is the pivot of the entire German Armies in Western Belgium.

The Social Side of Parliament.

In normal times we should pow be at the height of the London season. The Derby would have been over, but everyone would have been talking of the quieter delights of Ascot week. But apart from an occasional war bazaar, the war has killed all social functions.

During the coming week the Prime Minister's daughter, Miss Olwen Lloyd George, is to be married to Captain Carey Evans, but even weddings fail nowadays to attract the customary crowd, and those who gather at the Welsh Baptist Chapel next Tuesday will be mainly the political friends of the Prime Minister.

The only social centres in London that do not seem to feel the influence of the war in a marked degree are the Row and the Terrace of the House of Commons. St Stephen's, under the influence of the glorious June weather, was as crowded with ladies last week as though there was no such thing as a war in progress. Strawberries and cream do not seem to come under the Food Controller's regulations in respect of sixpenny teas, and sugar is the only item in which M.P.s have to ration their guests when they entertain them to tea and strawberries on the Terrace.

Red Tape and Button-Cleaning

The new order permitting officers to wear leather-covered or bronze buttons on their khaki uniforms, which do not stand in need of constant cleaning, has brought in its train a crop of demands for concessions of a similar kind.

People are asking why the private also should not be relieved of this tedious business of button cleaning every day. It is a survival of War Office red tape, which was well enough in peace times, when the training of men was conducted in a more or less leisurely fashion, but it is a different matter nowadays when recruits are put through a course of intensive drilling which occupies very nearly every minute of their day from reveille to "lights out."

Then again, there is a demand for the abolition of the staff officers' red bags. These favoured individuals do not usually get up into the front trenches, but if they did the distinctive red marks in their uniforms and caps would be speedily singled out by the German snipers. The distinguishing mark of a French staff officer is very unobtrusive, and in this particular we decidedly have something to learn from our Allies.

The Plotters' Fairy Godmother

The allotment holder nowadays is a much considered person. If his potato crops do not prove a success it will certainly not be through any lack of good advice.

The Board of Agriculture is proving as bounteous in this particular as a fairy godmother. Not only are there potato spraying demonstrations in the parks, but it is announced that there is to be one shortly in the ground of Buckingham Palace for the information of King George himself.

A similar demonstration is to take place at the House of Commons.

MYSTERY OF THE BALTIC.

SECRET HAUNTS OF THE U BOATS—THE POLICY OF "SUPER-HUSH."

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

ACCORDING to the messages received from Scandinavian ports this week, it would appear that a naval action was fought in the Baltic on Tuesday between Russian and German warships. The importance of the rumoured sea battle is difficult to define, but heavy and continuous gunfire was heard from 10 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. at many points in the Baltic. Such reports as we have received from Stockholm strongly remind one of the "tremendous cannonade" heard at Hantsholm (Denmark) last year, which betokened the battle of Jutland. "Heavy and continuous gunfire" lasting for over six hours indicates that naval events of some considerable magnitude may have been taking place in the Baltic.

At Sandhamn, a pilot station thirty miles from Stockholm, a Zeppelin was chased out of neutral waters by Swedish torpedo boats. Another Zeppelin was also observed from Landsort Island, also near Stockholm. At Wisby and other points on Gothland Island the gunfire was also heard and many Zeppelins seen. Earlier in the morning squadrons of German warships had been sighted steaming northwards. It was assumed these ships were bent on carrying out a big minelaying scheme among the Aland Islands, where the Russian Baltic Fleet has its base. Not long afterwards the violent cannonade broke out, and the Germans are said to have been compelled to withdraw their minelaying craft.

An alternative explanation advanced is that Russian destroyers carried out strong attacks on "German convoys." What the suggested convoys might be is not explained. They might be German mercantile vessels proceeding under warship escort to Swedish ports, or they might be military transports bound for Libau and Windau, the two Russian Courlandian harbours occupied by German troops.

To rate these messages at their highest, Germany may have been carrying out her long-expected invasion of Russia from the sea. To rate the information at its lowest, the heavy gunfire may turn out to be merely a thunderstorm or battle practice by the German Fleet. But the great activity of the Zeppelins inclines one to the view that Germany has been making a naval demonstration of some kind, and hot fighting ensued with Russian warships. Since the Russian Government admitted a military reverse on the Stokhod River with candour, we should receive news, either good or bad, if the Russian Navy was really in action.

Tino and the U Boats.

After the daylight air raid on London, the chief item of recent news has been the ejection of Constantine from the Greek Throne. It appears that M Jonnart, the Allied Commissioner, arrived at the Piraeus with a polite note in his pocket, and a much less polite assembly of Allied warships and transports at his back. The note invited Constantine to betake himself elsewhere, and the naval assembly represented the "if you don't——" side of the argument. To these gentle suasions "Tino" yielded. We suspect that only because there was a policeman at the door in the Piraeus did Constantine become quite docile and agree to "go quietly."

It makes little difference to the naval position in the Mediterranean. As the Germans know full well, all the Greek light cruisers and torpedo craft have long been under Allied control as part of the French Fleet, being manned entirely by French officers and men under the Greek flag. Hitherto, the Greek Navy has been divided into two parts, Royalist and Venezelist. The Royalist part consisted of the two battleships Kilkis and Lemnos, and the powerful cruiser Giorgios Averoff. The Allies had these warships rendered inocuous by the removal of the breech-blocks from the guns. The Hellenic Navy now reunites, and the disabled Royalist ships will probably be put into effective commission, as part of the Allied Navies.

On the other hand, Pro-German intrigues have penetrated Greece so deeply, we shall still have to combat with the disloyal elements, particularly in connection with secret bases for German submarines. In France feeling is very hot upon this subject, but it is more against Spain than against Greece that animus is directed. The reason is because French shipping in the Bay of Biscay is badly harried by U boats which receive succour on the Spanish coast.

Treachery in Spanish Ports.

The latest instance is the towing of the disabled U52 into Cadiz This enemy submarine is said to be a boat of 450 tons, manned by a crew of twenty men. What her radius of action is, we do not know, but the sea endurance of U9 of 450 tons is only 2000 miles at 9-11 knots on the surface. U52 of equal displacement cannot have a much greater radius of action.

The 2000 miles' radius given represents an "out-and-home" voyage from a fixed base. Now, according to the Taschenbuch der Kreigsflotten, the distance from German ports in the North Sea to Gibraltar is 1580 miles. To Cadiz, we can say it would be 1300 miles in round figures, so that a voyage from Wilhelmshaven to Cadiz and back again would mount up to 2600 miles.

U52's fuel capacity is assumed to be only good for 2000 miles, and is, therefore, inadequate by 600 miles for the out-and-home trip of 2600 miles from a German North Sea port to Cadiz and back again. Still less is there any margin of fuel left for carrying out a roving commission against mercantile shipping. U52 must have arrived off the Spanish coast with her fuel tanks at a very depleted level, and she must have secured a fresh supply of oil from "somewhere on the Spanish coast."

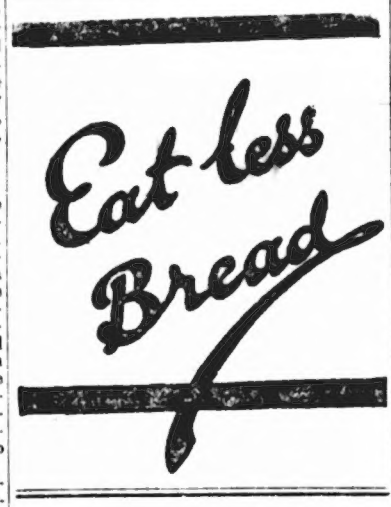
The locality of "somewhere on the Spanish coast" we can only guess at, but it may again be the estuary of the Odiel River near Cadiz. Large drums of oil fuel were found sunk in the shallows here, during the summer of 1915. German agents travelled about the country near Cadiz at that time, publicly advertising that they would pay so much per bidon (tin) of fuel. The destination of this fuel was an open secret in all the Spanish seaports.

The French Government is believed to have addressed numerous and strongly-worded protests to the Spanish Government on this treachery, which is openly connived at by the Spanish port and coastguard authorities. The only result has been the arrest of the German Consul at Cartagena, with his confederates. In this instance, the evidence was so palpable, legal proceedings could not be avoided. So far, the German Consul at Cartagena has not been brought to trial, though his arrest took place some months ago. From which we can draw our own inferences. We do not bite our thumb at the Spanish judicial system, but all the same—we bite our thumb!

"Super-Hush!"

It falls to my lot to prepare the statistical sections of certain British naval annuals and books of reference. A reviewer of my efforts once "blew out soot" (as the expressive American phrase goes), because I refused to list a German submarine U107, sighted at sea. I ignored this point because I do not place any reliance on the numbers marked on German submarines. Any fool plus a pot of paint and a stencil can alter U10 into U107, and so create the impression that Germany has over 100 submarines of a certain type. U52 again demonstrates the unreliability of trusting in index marks on U boats. U53, which visited America last autumn, was a great ocean-going submersible of about 1000 tons. But U52 towed into Cadiz turns out to be a comparatively small boat of 450 tons, and, for all we know, U51 and U54 may neither resemble U52 or U53.

It does not follow that the "higher the number, the bigger the U boat." The latest list of German prisoners in England,



issued from the Geneva offices of the Red Cross, mentions the crews of the German submarines U81 and U83. These two boats, it is remarked, were either sunk or captured by the British Navy during May. Both numbers are among the highest yet recorded for any German underwater boat. If numbers went for anything, U81 and U83 ought to be monster craft, but the Germans have so adroitly "queered the trail," by duplicate numbers, fakes, &c., no one can positively identify any German boat from her external label.

These published lists, issued in Geneva, are, of course, sent to Berlin against exchanged lists of prisoners in Germany. Consequently, the Berlin naval authorities know U81 and U83 are no more. And since we have captured the crews of both boats, the British Admiralty also knows they are out of action. But both sides keep absolutely mum over a common secret! This is truly "super-hush," as the naval phrase goes, and is rather amusing. One almost suspects that Whitehall and the Wilhelmstrasse have a secret treaty, agreeing not to divulge U boat losses either to the British or German populations!

Huns Confess Failure.

According to messages from Rome, the muzzle has been taken off the German Press, and the Berlin papers are now allowed to hint that the great "cruiser warfare by submarines" may turn out to be a failure after all. The Deutsche Tageszeitung broadly declares that Germany cannot rely on the certain success of the U boats. There is one consolation about Germany's official promises. She breaks them as lightly with her own people as she does with other nations.

It is not so long ago since Captain Persius, the German naval critic, was suppressed for daring to suggest what the German Press is now allowed to talk about openly, namely, the possible breakdown of the "super-blockade." In his latest contribution Captain Persius predicts that the Allied Navies are going to begin a great offensive against the German North Sea ports. "He who lives will see!"

Persius writes with anguished self-restraint and utters not a single boast about the power of the German North Sea defences. He is afraid lest any word of his might scare us away from our supposed project of butting our heads against a stone wall! He is further aggrieved that no prediction of our naval plans, made in this country, has ever turned out to be true. As proof, he indicates the rumoured Anglo-Russian naval offensive in the Baltic for last year, which Sir John Jellicoe openly talked about to certain Russian visitors to the Grand Fleet.

Poor Captain Persius does not seem to be acquainted with the famous remark made, I think, by Talleyrand, that "speech was given to us wherewith to conceal our thoughts." Being fools in German estimation, we must, of necessity, blab our naval intentions to the world

This week the Admiralty issued a new order governing procedure in the stopping and examination of shipping at sea. It is designed as a check against the activities of disguised German warships like the Moewe and Seeadler. British and allied vessels have attempted to stop and examine ships which externally appeared neutral, but were actually German raiding cruisers in disguise. So we have had our fingers burnt.

To avoid these traps, the procedure to be followed in future is this—A large red pendant will be hoisted by the British or Allied ship with the right of search or examination. At the same moment a rocket will be fired. The merchant ship will then close the boat lowered by the examining ship, whether the warship remains in the vicinity or not. One supposes that the man-of-war returns later to a rendezvous to pick up her boat, and if the merchant ship has refused to be boarded for examination, she will be treated as a suspected Moewe.

DESERTING EN MASSE.

ALIEN CONSCRIPTS IN THE TURKISH ARMY.

PLIGHT OF JEWS AND ARMENIANS.

London, Saturday Night.

The decreasing morale of the Turkish Army is clearly indicated in the following despatch from Bagdad by Mr Edmund Candler, representative of the British Press in Mesopotamia, which is issued to-night:—

When Turkey came into the war she dragged in the East. Every home was affected from the Balkans to the Piræus. Separation, misery, hunger, bereavement, pain, wounds, and death became the lot of the Asiatic as of the European. But the suffering was greatest among people who were engulfed in a cause that did not intimately concern them, or as in the case of the Jews and Armenians of Asiatic Turkey, to whom victory could only mean a spiritual death.

In a file of Turkish prisoners one often recognises alien conscripts. The joy of liberation is written in their faces. I remember a slim Jew advocate of Constantinople dug out of the Gehenna of Mohamed Abdul Hassan after the third bombardment, and moralising on the inequality of things in fluent Parisian French. Chance had herded him somehow with a battalion of tough Anatolian peasants, hard and simple in their wants as cattle—a piece of china amid rude earthenware.

He complained bitterly of being "thrown into this desert of savage men with the manners of infants," and I gathered that there is no more melancholy thing than a war in which one is ranged on the side of one's oppressor and is denied the sweetness of dying for one's country or one's race.

Sufferings of the Armenians.

The Armenians in the Turkish Army have less incentive to loyalty than the Jews. One cannot expect much zeal from them in the cause of their persecutors. The Turks, of course, expect nothing of the kind, and seldom trust them in the firing line. But it is hard to picture them with the Turks at all. There is a passage in the journal of a dead Jew, Sergeant Sanitaire, in the light of which it is unthinkable. The Jew was passing through Sabha on the Euphrates during one of the enforced "migrations" of this unhappy people.

"There are a number of Armenian refugees here," he writes. "Misery everywhere. How many infants without father or mother, dying of hunger, lying exposed on the bare ground, without any covering or shelter from the cold. Others on their bed of death wait their cruel end. They are perishing of hunger. The women have no protection, while their husbands are shot by hundreds on both banks of the Euphrates. Lying about with no shelter and nothing to eat, they sell their honour for a morsel of bread."

A Stout-Hearted Armenian.

Even in our prisoners' camps the Turk (if given a chance) will make the Armenian feel that he is of inferior clay, and so one has to protect him in captivity. On cold nights the Turks used to turn them out of their tents, and make them sleep in the open, and they dared not complain for fear of secret reprisals. Yet one meets men of stout heart among them. His record is one of consistent gallantry, and his Colonel tells me that he is absolutely without fear, whether in leading a bombing party or in lonely reconnaissances to the enemy's trenches, the kind of adventure that calls for a nerve of steel His mission in life, he explains, is to fight the Turk. He fought in the Bulgarian Army through the Balkan war. He was in England in 1914 when Turkey came in, and enlisted in a British regiment. He has been happy in Mesopotamia the last few months, where his regiment has had a hand in driving "his heart's abhorrence" back on Baghdad, and scattering him over the deserts beyond.

The Turk, it will be gathered, has not the knack of inspiring loyalty among his subject races, or enthusiasm for his cause. And now that things are going hard with him, the deserters who come in make up a most cosmopolitan crew — Jews, Arabs, Greeks, Armenians, Chaldeans, Christians of diverse sects, and even Roumanians from the distant Balkans. Numbers of these Mahomedan Turks domiciled in Servia or Greece, and caught up in the Ottoman net, are now making their escape. In a word, that part of the Turkish Army which, so far as fighting values are concerned, existed on paper rather than in fact, is rapidly dissolving.

MYSTERY OF THE BALTIC—Continued.

LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

The Proper Punishment.

Were this a democratic country, food gambling in war-time would be punished by death.—New Witness.

The Wolf at the Door.

A world which is eating more, working less, and destroying part of its existing food stocks, has the wolf at its door.—Nation.

As the Battle-Line Proves.

By now it must have been borne in on the Krupps that they're not the only gunmakers in the world.—Detroit Free Press.

A Probability at Potsdam.

If things continue to go badly the Kaiser may strip Gott of all decorations, and turn Him out of the Hohenzollern family.—New York Evening Sun.

A Reformed Author.

The author of "I didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier" has reformed! His latest song is "It's Time for Every Boy to be a Soldier."—Montreal Star.

Not Well for Kings.

The war is not going well for Kings, four of whom have already lost their lands, and two, if not at present their heads, at least their crowns.—Saturday Review.

Levity Unrestrained!

The War Cabinet has introduced no element of gravity into the Government At the moment levity rules unrestrained in the councils of the nation.—Spectator.

Try It.

The records of history may be searched in vain for a triumph approaching that which has been achieved by the Allied sea power during the past three years.—Naval and Military Record.

Cheerful!

"I wish," says a writer on allotments, "that by digging deeper we could come to coal for the winter." But cheer up. By going on digging you can keep yourself warm.—London Star.

After Tino.

The Kaiser and Emperor of Austria must be apprehensive and uneasy regarding the future. As for "Foxy Ferdy" of Bulgaria, he will have to pack up and go, for no ruler of his stamp must be allowed to pollute Europe.—Weekly News.

A Naughty Sour Pie.

A thing that troubles me is we eat for dinner a pie of gooseberries, and, for lack of sugar, a naughty, sour pie it is; and by and by had some discomfort of it, but, drinking a dram or two of French brandy, it stays it.—The New Pepy's in Truth.

The Fallen Sycophant.

The Kaiser is evidently in a great rage over the removal of Constantine. This Diplomatic stroke on the part of the Allies has done more to bring home to the "All Highest" the confidence and power of the Allies than anything else in this war.—Dundee Courier.

For Every Man a Successor.

Democracies must pin their faith in mankind and not in men. History has shown that when the hero dies another man is always waiting and ready. For every Jellicoe there is a Beatty, for every Joffre there is a Nivelle, for every Nivelle there is a Petain.—Boston Globe.

The Irish Convention.

The nearer we get to the meeting of the Irish Convention the more apparent it becomes that it is not likely to have any real result—more's the pity. Indeed, it has probably already achieved its greatest good, if not its greatest object: it has got Mr Lloyd George out of a hole.—The Outlook.

Looking Forward.

The Kaiser was taking the ferry for St Helena, surrounded by his entire staff, Private Schmidt. Seating himself on the deck, he took from his pocket the latest edition of the Frankfurter Zeitung, and a smile of satisfaction overspread his features as he glanced at the headline—"Germany Wins the War."—Boston Transcript.

Churchill's Egotism.

Mr Churchill will not permanently be kept out of important office. Mr Churchill thinks night and day of his political future. He is a politician who is utterly determined to rise, just as Mr Lloyd George was determined to rise seven months ago. His egotism is enormous. It often fills the whole landscape — a super-Dreadnought on the stocks.—New Statesman.

The Kid has Gone.

The Kid has gone to the colours
And we don't know what to say;
The Kid we have loved and cuddled
Stepped out for the Flag to-day.
We thought him a child, a baby
With never a care at all,
But his country called him man-size,
And the Kid has heard the call.

He paused to watch the recruiting,
Where, fired by fife and drum,
He bowed his head to Old Glory
And thought that it whispered "Come!"
The Kid, not being a slacker,
Stood forth with patriot-joy
To add his name to the roster—
And God, we're proud of the boy!

—Indianapolis News.

HINDENBURG'S FAILING RESOURCES.

WHY THE ENEMY CANNOT ATTACK WITH ANY HOPE OF SUCCESS.

BY GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

THERE has been nothing spectacular but much that was significant in the fighting on the Western front during the last few days. Since the abortive counter-attack launched by the enemy to recover the lost positions in the Wytschaete salient the Germans have made no effort whatever to recover the important positions they have lost. This is not because Von Hindenburg does not recognise their vital value. On the contrary papers found on German prisoners show that they were told to retake these positions "at all costs." What, then, is the explanation of the German acquiescence in the inevitable? It can only be that Von Hindenburg's resources are nearing exhaustion.

Some time ago we know that orders were issued to exercise economy in the expenditure of munitions. It looks very much as if similar economy of men is now enforced by the German Higher Command. If this is so, the fact is of very great interest.

Such a situation is precisely what we would have looked for if the Allied plans had all worked out according to programme. But for circumstances over which Sir Douglas Haig had no control we should now have been watching something in the nature of a simultaneous offensive against the enemy on all fronts.

What that would have meant to the operations in the West can readily be imagined. Instead of drawing more and more divisions from the East, Von Hindenburg by this time would have had to make his choice between a retreat to new and shorter lines in the West or face the consequences of a Russian incursion in the East. Temporarily, at least, he is spared all anxiety about the Russian front, though our ally in the East may be able to make her influence felt before the Austro-Hungarian harvests are gathered in. However, there are some weeks to go yet before anything of this sort may probably be looked for.

The Enemy's Growing Exhaustion.

Von Hindenburg, therefore, is able to concentrate all his available reserves in the West. It may be that he hesitates to throw them all into the fight because he does not know what demands may be made on his available man-power before the summer comes to an end. But even making all allowance for this, it is exceedingly significant that thus early in the campaign of 1917 he should be forced to economise in men, even when the safety of his entire line in the West may depend on the recovery of such important strategical positions as the Messines Ridge, the Vimy Ridge, and the heights running along the north of the Aisne.

The half-hearted nature of the counter-attacks delivered against the French along the line of the Aisne are as eloquent of Germany's growing exhaustion as anything that has happened to the east of the Wytschaete salient. For it would be sound policy for Von Hindenburg to exert himself to the utmost against our French Allies in order to cripple them as far as possible, and reduce the number of divisions that General Petain is available for working in co-operation with the British in the north, because in many respects the positions which the French now hold along the Aisne and in Champagne constitute a more serious menace to the enemy's lines of communication than even the British victory at Messines.

Despairing of recovering the Messines Ridge, Von Hindenburg has been forced to entrench himself on ground hastily adapted for the purpose to the east of the Wytschaete salient. We are now immediately up against these improvised positions, the intervening ground having been covered by a skilfully-executed advance reported by Sir Douglas Haig on Friday. By this advance we penetrated to a depth varying from five hundred yards to a thousand yards over a front of seven miles. The ground was apparently lightly held, but this fact does not detract from the excellent piece of work which was achieved by a piece of work in which we attained once more the whole of our objective.

"A Long Step Nearer."

Apart from the evidences of the gradual exhaustion of the German reserves, Sir Douglas Haig, who is certainly not given to over statement, clearly attaches great importance to the Messines victory. This which we may gather from the message of congratulation he has sent to General Plumer and to the officers and men of the Second Army. In this he points out that the position assaulted was one of very great natural strength, on the defence of which the enemy had laboured incessantly for nearly two years, taking full advantage of the experience gained by him from previous defeats on the Somme, the Ancre, and on the Arras front.

But even Sir Douglas Haig admits that the full effect of the victory cannot be estimated yet, though he is confident that it will be very great, and that it has "brought us a long step nearer to the final victorious end of the war." Coming from the source that it does, the public ought to rest satisfied with this assurance.

But there are still many people who are inclined to be rather critical about the results thus far achieved by the Allies in their offensive on the Western front. These people take a more or less superficial view of the news read in the papers.

They complain that we keep on winning big victories which seem to lead nowhere. First in one sector and then in another a big offensive is launched. It meets with instant and gratifying success. But then, after an almost spectacular success, the offensive dies down, and after a brief delay the whole thing is begun again in some other sector of the enemy's front.

The German Inferiority.

Criticism of this kind has become so general that it calls for little examination. The Germans, both in number and in heavy gun equipment, are now in an inferiority on the Western front as compared with the Allies. But that inferiority is not so marked as to render Von Hindenburg incapable of preventing a clean break through, providing that he is given sufficient warning of where that break through is to be attempted.

The line of battle on the West is divided up from the military point of view into certain well-defined areas. There are positions on the coast, there is the sector embracing Ypres and covering Lille, which we have just been attacking; there is the Arras front, the Somme front, and the Aisne front.

In all these sectors the original German defences were so powerful that they could be relied upon to hold up any Allied attack for such time at least as was necessary to enable Von Hindenburg to accumulate very large reserves. Before we could hope, therefore, to make any marked progress, it was necessary that these defences should, one by one, be battered down.

This is the process which we have been watching during the last two months, and no one can deny that it has been carried out with a skill and certainty which is of excellent augury for the future. Whether this process of wearing down the enemy's defences has yet been carried out in its entirety is a question which the future will soon decide, and it is not perhaps advisable to examine the existing position of the opposing armies in too much detail.

But when once the general position is grasped it will be seen that the various offensives which have been successfully launched have a very definite meaning, and are destined to have a vital influence on the future course of the campaign of 1917.

Through German Glasses.

The German Higher Command probably appreciate this as fully as we do, and Von Hindenburg can hardly view the military outlook at this moment with any feelings other than those of the deepest misgiving. He knows the effect which a military disaster to the German arms in the West would be likely to have in moulding Russian opinion in the East. But Germany is faced with the necessity of looking farther into the future even than this.

Most people in this country have very nearly abandoned hopes of the war being brought to an end this year. We may succeed in inflicting on the enemy before the end of the summer some very serious military reverses, and this despite the fact that assistance from Russia has not been forthcoming at the time that it was expected. But there hardly seem any likelihood of our administering this year that "knock-out blow" which would bring Germany to her knees.

But if not this year, what of next year? That is the question which must now be sorely agitating German soldiers and German Statesmen. Whatever Russia may do, Germany has to count on the certainty that in 1918 the Allied front in the West will be enormously strengthened. When the winter campaign is over, if there is to be another winter campaign, the Kaiser and his War Lords will have to face the resources of America as well as the resources of Great Britain, France, and Italy. A couple of years ago, perhaps, Berlin would have treated this new menace with contempt. But the Germans have learnt wisdom since then. They are able to measure the potentialities of America's armed assistance by what Great Britain has done in building almost out of nothing an army which is huge even when measured by the Continental standard.

Germany, therefore, must regard the prospect of a continuance of the war into the summer of 1918 with qualms infinitely greater than those with which the Allies view a similar prospect. Heaven knows, the strain of the struggle is felt severely enough even in this country, and that strain will increase with every month that passes. But there is all the difference between facing such a prospect when you are buoyed up with the certainty of ultimate victory, and facing it when you are depressed with the virtual certainty of crushing defeat.

Will Germany go on, or will she seek to cut her losses, and make such terms of peace as she can secure in the autumn? If the decision rested with Bethmann Hollweg, there is not much doubt as to what the answer to this question would be. But the German Chancellor has to reckon with the influence of the Junkers, who recognise that a disastrous peace presages the end of militarism in Prussia, and, it might be, the end of the Hohenzollern dynasty also. On the other hand, the business community in Germany will bring, and, indeed, is already bringing, pressure to bear on the German rulers to dissuade them from a course which they interpret as national suicide. There is no doubt about the attitude the Allies will adopt towards any proposals of an inconclusive peace in the autumn, though it is as certain as anything can be that such proposals will be made. But Germany's determination to go on with the war is not so certain.

HUNS WANT NEW LEADER.

APPEAL TO GERMAN DESERTERS.

BAD FEELING IN THE REICHSTAG.

(SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED.)

Germany's man-power must be getting very low when the Kaiser has to resort to persuading deserters to return to the ranks, as witness the following proclamation:—

"All deserters, except those who have gone over to the enemy, and thus deserve no mercy, are to have an opportunity to return to their regiments and to redeem the past. All such deserters must present themselves to the authorities by 15th July at the latest. If they do so their punishment is to be postponed with a view to pardon, if they show themselves worthy of it during the continuation of this war. (Signed) W. Rex."

More Brotherly Love in the Reichstag.

A Parliamentary club for the members of the Reichstag is to be opened in Berlin with a view to doing away with the enmity and bad feeling at present existing among the members of the opposing parties. The Frankfurter Gazette says:—In the circles of the Reichstag efforts are being made to bring about a better understanding among the members. Members of the Right, the Centre, and the Liberals, as well as the majority of the Socialists are in favour of the idea of establishing a club which will give the members opportunity of becoming more closely acquainted, and being able to speak more unreservedly with one another. We hope this club will introduce a better Parliamentary tone into the Reichstag, especially in view of the coming election struggle.

Still Threatening the Chancellor.

Although the Kaiser has severely reprimanded those who so openly expressed their discontent with regard to the Chancellor, the attacks upon him do not cease. This extract from the Leipziger Neueste Nachrichen is very typical:—

"If the Chancellor does not develop into a real German statesman now at the eleventh hour, then the German nation has shed its best blood to no purpose, and all the privations and miseries suffered so patiently by the people are of no avail. Herr Chancellor, there is still time to give your decision; if you do not do so, then the German nation will do so over your head, and act independently of the Reichstag, which is not in agreement with the national feeling. We require someone as State leader who recognises the signs of the times, and who acts accordingly."

War-Weary Austria.

The rumour is at present current in Germany that the Austrian and Hungarian democrats have gone to Sweden at the express wish of the Austro-Hungarian Government, who have promised them great reward if they are successful in bringing about peace. In order to calm the anxiety of the Germans, the Hamburger Fremdenblatt makes the following comment:—"The Austrian and Hungarian democrats are negotiating in Stockholm on their own responsibility, and not at the command of the Government."

Be that as it may, the Austrian people are longing for peace, and the following communique in the Frankfurter Zeitung from Vienna may throw a little light on the subject:—"At the opening of the Reichsrat mass meetings were held all over the city, and were in the nature of universal peace demonstrations."

To Lessen Crime Among Children.

As a measure to prevent the ever-increasing crime list among the children of Germany the Government have made it unlawful for children under fourteen years old to be seen on the streets after nine o'clock at night. The Hamburger Fremdenblatt publishes the following paragraph:—"On and after the 21st of May no children under fourteen years of age may be seen in the streets of the town unless accompanied by their parents or relatives. Anyone infringing this order will be dealt with very severely by the police."

GREENOCK OFFICER'S FATE.

A portrait of Lieutenant James Sinclair, who, though wounded on the 7th April, remained on duty, and was mortally wounded two days later while gallantly leading his company to the attack on Vimy Ridge—the company commander having been killed some time before.

Lieutenant Sinclair was a member of the Greenock Police Force before proceeding to Canada. He went to France with the Canadian contingent.

BRITAIN CONSCRIPT FOR A HUNDRED YEARS.

WHAT THE POLICY OF THE PACIFISTS WOULD LEAD TO.

BY EDGAR WALLACE.

(EXCLUSIVELY CONTRIBUTED TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

GERMANY has for the past ten years spent millions of pounds annually in France, Italy, and Great Britain in purely Secret Service work. She has maintained an army of spies, she has maintained a small army of journalists, British and foreign, who have received, in the shape of salaries or payments for contributions, large sums of money in order that the German point of view might be kept prominently before the public, and her interests amply protected by those guardian angels of the press.

To disbelieve this is to express a sublime faith, which none of the circumstances justify, in the purity of Germany's political and diplomatic methods. We know it has happened in France, we know it has happened in Italy. Why, then, should Britain, which has always been regarded by the German as representing the gravest of all the dangers, be left out in the cold?

So we may suppose that since the war started there have been a large number of active agents in this country who have kept very quiet just so long as they thought that Germany had a chance of winning and of imposing her terms upon the Grand Alliance, but who, when the tide had turned, were instructed to agitate and work for a peace which would retain for the German full power to rebuild his broken industries and re-form his shattered armies, so that, profiting by the lesson which this war has afforded him, he could strike again at his principal enemy, and this time successfully.

Not all the men who are working for a German peace are paid agents. Some there are who hate Britain, and have no monetary interest in their peace propaganda. Some are, of course, pure-minded idealists, who have the support of certain other mysterious idealists with deep, inexhaustible purses—it is said that the Leeds Conference cost £7000—and who, for sheer love of the abstract principle of peace, are prepared to defy public opinion in their anxiety to bring about the end of the war in such a way that Germany is not humiliated and receives no hurt from which she cannot recover.

A Tragic Fact.

It is unfortunate that these idealists should be unconsciously working along parallel lines with the sinister gentlemen who draw their money monthly from Potsdam and receive their instructions from Imperial headquarters. I do not doubt that when Mr Ramsay Macdonald stood up in the Leeds hall and faced an audience, a very large proportion of which were undoubtedly German agents, he would, had he known, have denounced those mercenary miscreants who, "for so much gold as may be grasped thus," were prepared to sell their country to the enemy. If he failed to detect their presence it was possibly because these thieves of honour hold views which are not easily distinguishable in the half-lights of a secret gathering from those which Macdonald himself professes. It is a tragic fact that all the peace cranks, whatever be their motives, have a common design.

The peace movement is, from the paid agent's standpoint, easily explained. The German is beaten, but not broken. If he can only persuade the Governments of his enemies to send delegates to a peace conference while he is still in occupation of Belgium and a portion of France, he can say, "I will abandon Belgium if you will give me back my colonies. I will give up Serbia if you will let me take Poland. I will do this if you will let me do that," &c.

His tenure of his present line in Belgium and France is a very shaky one. The German Army does not know how long it can hold the positions which at present cover Lille and Ghent. Any day the keystone may be pushed out of the arc, and the whole curve which now preserves for the enemy the Belgian littoral may disintegrate into isolated groups fighting their way back to the Meuse.

If you want to know why the mercenary peace cranks are busy, you have to read the Kaiser's speeches, in which he insists upon the necessity for breaking "the will of his enemies to continue the war." The air raids upon open towns, the terrible atrocities his commanders have committed on the high seas, the villainous treatment of British prisoners behind the lines of the Somme and in Russia—all these are designed to break the will of the people. They are intended to make you and I say in helpless despair, "Has not this war gone far enough? What is the use of this continuous carnage? Let us make some kind of terms with the enemy."

It is to stimulate such a feeling, if it can be brought into existence, that the mercenary peace cranks are working. Exactly why the high-motived ones are labouring is one of the mysteries which cannot be solved by any human being. For though their professed object is one infinitely flattering to their humanity, it implies a very grave reflection upon their intelligence, and ultimately, should they succeed in their success, must of necessity react to their own disadvantage. If they desire a Britain freed from militarism, would it not be natural that they should desire the destruction of that Power which imposed militarism upon Europe?

In the old lawless days the police in certain of our Colonies were armed. Nobody suggested that the way to produce a condition of order was to disarm the policeman and leave the desperado his revolver. Eventually we made things so hot for the armed criminal that he gave up carrying weapons. The police can now afford to carry nothing more formidable than a light cane.

What An Inconclusive Peace Means.

Obviously, unless the whole of the world agrees to disarm and leave Germany with a powerful military and naval force, European militarism must be magnified rather than diminished as a result of an inconclusive peace. Unless Mr Ramsay Macdonald is a traitor who desires the overthrow of his country—and such a thought would never enter the head of any of his admirers—he would not so redesign Europe that every nationality should stand naked before an armoured Germany. An inconclusive peace must mean that we maintain a large conscript army, and that in addition to the huge interests we pay in war stocks we must also put our hands in our pockets to provide two hundred millions a year for a greater army and a greater navy.

Before the war the navy and army cost us £72,000,000. It cost France about £40,000,000; Italy £15,000,000; Russia £50,000,000. An inconclusive peace means that all those burdens will be doubled and more than doubled. A peace which destroys the provoker of war will divert nearly £500,000,000,000 a year (including the German and Austrian expenditures) into channels beneficial to humanity. The peace that Mr Ramsay Macdonald would give to us—I am sure he must be ignorant of the fact that this is the kind of peace the Kaiser also wants—would mean that your son who is now at school would be earmarked for a conscript soldier, and that his son and his son's son would inevitably pass into the service of the Crown.

An inconclusive peace means a conscript Britain for another hundred years, not because we desire military glory, but because we desire to preserve the heritage of British freedom which has been handed down to us on the bayonets of dead legions. An inconclusive peace means that every penny you have put into the War Loan is thrown away, every child of your country that has found a hero's death upon foreign soil has died in vain.

It would have been better, a thousand times, if you had never come into the war, for an inconclusive peace would betray the smaller nationalities, and leave them under the heel of the Blonde Beast. But, most of all, you would betray the unborn generations of Britons who will fill your streets, and sit in your offices, and till your lands in the years to come.

The Lunacy of Pacificism.

Pacifism, if it is not venal, is lunacy. It serves no end but the enemy's. It does not shorten the war, but lengthens it, since it holds out a hope to the enemy, a hope which will never be fulfilled, that if he fights on long enough, he will get the kind of peace he wants. And here let me point out the curious fact that when Russia was being beaten back from the Dunajec to the Styr, from the Niemen to the Dwina, from the Vistula to the Pripet Marshes, when a new great military organisation was gathering to crush Serbia, or even when the Kaiser's mighty armies were confidently waiting the word to break through at Verdun, the voice of the pacifist was not heard in the land.

I think Mr Jowett and Mr Macdonald themselves did not at that moment appreciate the blessings of peace, nor had the iniquity of continuing the war been brought home with such force to their plastic and receptive minds. Possibly they thought that the gallant Serbians could hold their two enemies at bay. Or they may have believed that the Russian steam-roller would run forward again, or their faith in the unconquerable spirit of France might have led them to a most optimistic view of what would follow that surprise attack on the 21st February, 1916. Then was the moment, it seems to me, to demand a peace with no annexations and no indemnities.

Certainly at this hour when Germany, bruised and bloody, is fighting off the armies that are burning to avenge three years of lust and murder and spoilation, no man may stand in between this most hateful criminal state and the justice which is overtaking her and say "Halt!" without incurring the suspicion that the act is one designed to assist the German.

LANARKSHIRE FARMERS AND MILK SUPPLY.

Demand for Higher Prices.

Hamilton, Saturday.

A largely-attended meeting of the members of the Hamilton and District branch of the Lanarkshire Farmers' Union was held last night in Hamilton, when the milk question was discussed at considerable length.

It was pointed out by Mr Robert Marshall, Riccarjohnstone Farm, Holytown, that in consequence of the increased cost of feeding the prices of products of milk had gone up enormously, and the present rate charged for milk was not sufficient.

In the ccurse of the discussion it transpired that if a higher price was not speedily given for milk many of the dairy farmers in Lanarkshire would be compelled to sell their stock. The inevitable result of this would be that the supply of milk for the County of Lanark would be severely restricted.

It was further suggested that the Government should deal with this question locally because of the fact that the conditions of production varied considerably. In the end it was agreed to communicate with the general secretary of the union on the subject.

THE SECRET SUBMARINE

By RIDGWELL CULLUM.

An After the War Story Called by the Author "The Men Who Wrought."

The Week-End.

VITA and her father were standing at the water's edge. A pace or two behind them stood Von Salzinger. None of the three seemed inclined for speech. Von Hertzwohl was gazing out at the narrow opening to the open sea beyond. His thoughts were busy with the unexpected phenomenon he beheld.

A searchlight was playing over the water, moving at intervals, then it would become stationary. The vessel from which it emanated was a long way out, yet its light hovered persistently, as though its whole purpose was riveted upon the definite area which lay in full view from where he stood.

Vita, too, was gazing out to sea. But though the play of the lights caught and held her attention they had no power to sway the trend of teeming thoughts which were passing through her brain. The things she beheld meant nothing to her. They could mean nothing. These were her last moments on the land she loved—the land which was the home of the man who had changed her life from a troubled and anxious existence to a dream of bliss such as she had believed impossible. She had sold herself at the price of life.

There were moments as she stood there waiting when she could have flung her arms out and screamed till the echoes of the cove rang again. There were moments when she could have flung herself upon the angular figure she knew and felt to be standing behind her, and impotently torn at his hated flesh. He was her master, her future arbiter, the man to whose caresses she must submit.

Quite suddenly her father raised one thin, pointing hand.

"The boat," he said. And Vita's thoughts were swept aside for the moment, and her comprehending gaze became fixed upon a dim object sweeping through the jaws of the cove. The darkness of the place made it impossible to distinguish its outline.

Once it was past the jaws, however, the throb of its engine beat against the rocky walls and echoed again. It was as though half-a-dozen engines were thrashing the water. Now, too, a headlight shone out.

Suddenly Von Hertzwohl caught up the lighted lantern at his feet.

"Ach!" he cried. "The madmen! They are heading here—for this light. One would think they had never made the spit before." He turned. "Quick. The spit, or they will drive on the rocks."

He ran along the beach, followed by Vita and Von Salzinger. In a few moments he was standing on the extremity of the rocky spit, waving his lantern and calling instructions.

"Gott in Himmell!" he cried. "Slow—slow. You will break on sunken rocks. Are you mad? This way. Ach! Slower—slower. So. Easy. Bring her nose round. So. Easy. Now!"

The old man stooped, and, with Von Salzinger, assisted in fending off the pinnace. Vita had taken up the lantern. She was holding it to make the most of its feeble rays. Then of a sudden a sharp exclamation broke from the Prince.

"Four!"

He had counted the men in the boat. Vita heard the exclamation without gathering its significance. A man leapt out of the stern of the boat, and another followed him. The light of the lantern fell full upon the leader's face. A cry broke from the woman, an inarticulate cry. It brought her father to his feet.

Then, swiftly and terribly, was enacted a scene unforgettable to those who beheld it. The wide, fearless eyes of the princely Pole gazed with loathing and hate into the stone-grey eyes of the man who had leapt first from the boat. It was only for one paralysed moment. Then a harsh, furious voice ejaculated a name, and Vita's lantern clattered as it fell upon the rocky spit, and went out as it rolled into the lapping water.

"Von Berger!"

It was Von Hertzwohl's voice; and as he spoke he stepped back from the hated proximity. Once, once only, his wide eyes swept over the various figures about him. Then, with a lightning movement, one long arm was flung out. There was no word spoken. There was no mercy in either heart of the antagonists. The penetrating crack of an automatic pistol alone awoke the echoes. They were flung from rock to rock, and, blending with them, came the sound of running feet.

But long before the echoes had reached their climax a second shot rang out — a heavier shot; and as it split the air Von Hertzwohl fell. His knees gave under him, and his tall figure toppled almost into the arms of the man who had fired the shot with such deliberate, deadly effect. To this sound was added swift movement. Vita, standing paralysed with terror, was seized from behind, and the heavy breath of Von Salzinger fanned the back of her neck. She was supported bodily, and in an instant the swaying boat caught her struggling body with brutal force, and for her all sensation abruptly terminated. Then came Von Berger's voice in sharp command, as the shouts of men aroused new echoes in the black arena.

"Quick! Take him! Now cast off!"

The arms of men reached up and caught the inanimate body of Von Hertzwohl. It was dropped urgently into the bottom of the boat. Then, to the accompaniment of scrambling feet, the boat was vigorously propelled backwards into the ebbing tide.

The headlight was extinguished, and the boat vanished like a ghost into the blackness of the gaping cove.

A moment later the racing engine pulsated with a confusion of echoes, and a group of men stood at the water's edge searching for the direction in which the speeding craft was moving. It was hopeless.

Then came a voice — the authoritative voice of a leader.

"Don't fire. Not a shot. You can't be certain who you'll hit. They won't get far."

A sensation of dreadful pain swept through an eternity of obscurity, impenetrable to all but a sub-conscious emotion. Horror floated through a world unseen, unknown. Terror thrilled senses dead to all reality. An abyss yawned on every hand, a black abyss in which stirred, all unseen, a threat so overwhelming that the victim remained passive, defenceless; waiting, waiting for the final crushing torture.

Then in the midst of it all a sound reached the victim. It was the sound of a voice, of voices. Harsh, jarring voices, carrying threat in every tone. It was the magic touch which brought about a vague semi-consciousness, and Vita's eyes slowly opened.

"Trapped like rats in a pit," she heard a voice cry out in thick tones.

"That door. Fool! They must come that way. We can shoot them down as they come. Trapped? They'll pay dearly for the trapping."

What were they talking of? And why in such tones? What were those other sounds she heard? Vita remained unmoving, helpless, and without understanding.

Suddenly a crash overwhelmed every other sound. It left her poor head whirling with uncertainty.

Then something else shivered through her every nerve. Another sound—different. There was a clatter and bumping, and strange, sharp explosions, such as in a vague way she half remembered having heard somewhere before. What was it? Each sound seemed to bite the air, and echo, and die out. Then quickly on its heels another followed, and then another. Every explosion gave her a stab of exquisite pain in the head, her aching, throbbing head, in which the sufferings of her body seemed to find a sort of dull, constant echo.

A dreadful nightmare of noise disturbed her. The hoarse cries of the voices were distressing. Something, something—— Hark! What was that? That voice. She knew it,

"Hold him! God! He's like a tiger. Smash his wrist! Only get that gun from him! Ah! That's it. Now—see if he has any more weapons."

Full consciousness had suddenly awakened. The familiar voice had succeeded where pandemonium had failed. Vita stirred with infinite pain. With a great effort she moved her body. She could have wept with the torture of it. That voice. She must see him. She must gaze upon the face of the speaker. She must— With a lurch she strove to raise herself upon her elbow. For one dreadful second an agony surpassing anything she had ever endured crowded her brain, and swept through her nerves to every extremity of her body. Then she fell back, engulfed in the black abyss of complete unconsciousness.

Three men were seated in the dishevelled saloon of the gently rocking vessel. Brilliant electric light shone down upon the wreckage about them. At the far side of the apartment lay the still form of a woman stretched out upon a luxurious settee, which was built against the ship's side. In another direction another inanimate form was stretched out upon a lounge. But this was the lean figure of a tall man with grey hair and bushy eyebrows. His face was ghastly, and his eyes were staring. His square jaw was hanging loose, and his lips were agape.

These two figures seemed to have no interest for the three men who sat facing each other. One of them was seated on a chair that was fixed to the deck with its back swung round against the table. He was sitting in a hunched attitude of great pain. One hand was supporting the other arm just above the wrist. His stone-grey eyes burned with a desperate light.

The other men were within two yards of him. One, a youngish-looking man, in British naval uniform, was seated on the edge of a table. With his right hand he was grasping the butt of a revolver, whose muzzle was lying across the fleshy part of his thigh. The other, in civil dress, was astride of a chair.

The man in civil dress was speaking. His voice was stern and cold. And, by the expression of his dark eyes, it was obvious that he was holding himself under a great restraint.

"This is a bad end for a man holding the great position which Prince Frederick Von Berger occupies," he said. "I want you to understand, Prince, that it is the end, just as surely as the sun will rise to-morrow. Do you grasp the position? I am not here to taunt you with it. But for your own sake I must make it clear to you. Your fellow-conspirator, Von Salzinger, has by this time been lowered to his last resting-place beneath the waters. For you there will be less mercy."

He paused, narrowly observing the fierce light shining in the desperate eyes. Ruxton had no desire for unnecessary cruelty, but Vita was lying injured and unconscious just across the room, and he had no thought to spare the author of her troubles.

"Make no mistake, Prince," he went on again, continuing his use of the Prussian's own tongue, and fighting down his own deep feelings, "there will be no succour from your countrymen. You have deliberately caused the murder of Von Hertzwohl upon British soil, and for that you will pay the full British penalty. That penalty, Prince, is the rope which awaits every common murderer."

Von Berger threw up his head in a fury of denial. The naval man sat alert, and the barrel of his revolver moved a shade. But the Prussian made no attempt at the violence which was gleaming in his eyes. His wrist had been smashed in the struggle which had taken place, and he knew he had no chance with these men.

"England dare not place me on trial, and condemn me," he cried fiercely.

Ruxton raised his brows.

"Dare not? You can put those words out of your head, Prince. The time has gone by when international relations could affect the administration of our Courts of Justice. Your own country has taught us the absurdity of such a policy. We have learned the necessity of protecting our own at any cost—even at the cost of war. You will be tried, and hanged for the murder you have committed."

The solemnity of Ruxton's words was not without effect. A curious questioning incredulity crept into Von Berger's desperate eyes. His lips parted to protest. Then they closed again in a spasm of pain. But a moment later his cold voice was speaking.

"There is no power on earth which can give you the right to hand a royal prince over to your police," he said. And his coldness and calmness were a triumph of the man over physical suffering.

"There is no power on earth which will stop me doing so—if you land at Dorby, where we shall presently head for."

Ruxton's manner was frigidity itself. His dark eyes looked steadily into the other's.

Quite abruptly a hard, mirthless laugh broke the silence.

"If I land?"

"If you land."

"Will you explain?"

Ruxton shrugged coldly.

"Is there need? I am prepared to display a lenience which is the only mercy you need hope for. You will be given the freedom of the deck for half an hour. We are lying awash. There is only a bare rail about it, a rail between you and the water. After that we return at once to Dorby—and the authority which deals with every common felon."

The two men sat eye to eye for a few moments. It was a rapier-like exchange of glances. It was the Prince who yielded. He stirred. A sweat had broken out upon his forehead. His physical suffering was beyond words. But he rose to his feet and stood firmly confronting his antagonist.

"I will accept—the freedom of the deck," he said.

Frederick von Berger gazed out over the restless waters. He swayed easily to the added motion of the now stationary vessel. Twenty feet away stood the young naval officer lounging against the steel casing of the doorway of the conning-tower. His eyes never left his charge. Nor could he help a faint twinge of regret. He had been brought up in that wonderful school of the British Navy in which physical bravery counts for so much, and he knew that such had no lack in the man whose movements he was so closely following.

The night was clear and cold. A great wealth of stars shone down upon the phosphorescent waste of water. So intense was their brilliancy that even the distant skyline, towards which Von Berger's gaze was turned, stood out with remarkable clearness.

The hard mouth was tightly shut, and the muscles of his square jaw were tense. All he left for the shining eyes of the night to witness were the beads of moisture upon his broad forehead. And these were the simple outward signs of the frailty of the human body, its vulnerability, its narrow limitations. The spirit alone, whatever its quality, remained invincible.

He moved a step nearer the steel rail. He leant against it. Then, for some terrible moments, from the manner in which he nursed his injured member, agony seemed to intervene and shut out every other emotion.

The moments passed. The young naval officer shifted his position. The strain was telling upon him.

The man at the rail moved again. His gaze was withdrawn from the horizon. It was turned towards the sailor. The officer averted his gaze. He could not face the eyes which were yet beyond his discernment. He knew their expression without seeing it. He understood the man's object. This was the moment he had awaited. The Teutonic mind was silently hurling all the power of hate and defiant contempt of which the distorted spirit was capable at those who had forced him to his final desperate act.

There was the faintest sound of a splash. The young officer's eyes came back, searching for his charge. But where Frederick von Berger had stood there only remained the unbroken line of the rail.

Then a voice spoke sharply behind him. It was the voice of Ruxton Farlow conveying orders to Captain Ludovic in the turret.

"Dorby without delay," he said. "The pilot will pick us up at the Northbank buoy."

Gazing Upon a New World.

The room was very quiet. A uniformed nurse was occupied at a bureau which stood in the window-place, and the doctor, a benevolent, grey-whiskered, cherub-eyed old man, who had cared for every patient at Dorby Towers since the Farlows came into occupation, was at the bedside talking gently but firmly to his patient.

"It is useless, my dear young lady," he said, with, for him, an almost peevish complaint. "I have done all that a man can do. I have pulled you clear of that wretched brain-fever which threatened you. Your poor, poor arm will soon be out of its plaster, and covered with nothing more disfiguring than a sling, which can at all times be made to match your costume, and yet you will do nothing to help me. It is really distressing. You should have been on that couch two weeks ago. Eight weeks in this bed, and you will not, simply will not, pull yourself up sufficiently to allow of your being moved."

Vita gazed back languidly into the fresh, wholesome face of the smiling old man. She was so tired. She was weary with thought. She knew that the doctor was making a just complaint. But she knew something more. She knew, half by instinct, the real cause of the trouble of which he was complaining.

She smiled up at him in a wan fashion.

"I am not as much to blame as you think, doctor dear. You have done, oh, so much for me that I feel I can never be grateful enough. May I sit up?"

The doctor summoned the nurse, and Vita was tenderly propped up against a perfect nest of pillows.

"That's better. Thank you ever so much. Now I can talk, and—I want to talk."

"Do you know why I can't get well?" she inquired wistfully. "It is not obstinacy. It is not lack of effort. It is because you won't let me. Doctor dear, the time has surely gone by when I may not talk of that night. You see, you don't understand it—all. My father is dead. I know that. The thought is always with me. But that—that is not all. Everybody here is kindness, kindness itself. Mr Farlow—Ruxton, all of them. They come here. But they are never allowed to stay. Doctor dear, it is you who are to blame. I must talk," she went on, with growing excitement. "I must tell him all which he can never learn so long as you keep me silent. Send Ruxton to me, doctor dear, and give us leave to talk as much as we want to, and I promise you you shall not regret it. I—I simply must talk or—or——"

But the growing excitement proved too much for her. In her weak state Vita suddenly fell to weeping hysterically. The nurse and doctor leant their energies to calming her, and, by degrees, their efforts were rewarded.

But the little man's face was troubled. This was what he feared, dreaded.

The moment Vita had calmed again he chided her as he might chide some helpless child, but he registered a mental resolve. Somehow Vita must obtain strength or—— Well, he had done all he knew. He must leave medicine and look to the psychological side. So he reassured her and gave her the promise she asked, but it was not without serious misgivings that he sought Ruxton Farlow.

For an hour Vita endured the efforts of the nurse. She endured them uncomplainingly. She felt like some small child being prepared for a party.

With the first return to reason she had hugged to herself the one outstanding fact that the responsibility of her father's death lay at her door. It stood out startlingly from every other thought in the tangle of her poor brain. She had urged him to his death, unwittingly it is true, but due solely to the childish credulity she had displayed. Even now the unforgettable picture of the grey, lean figure falling forward in response to Von Berger's merciless gun-shot haunted her every waking moment. The horror of it, the dreadful cruelty. And all her doing.

But later, as slowly some strength began to return, an added trouble came to her. It was the natural result of convalescence. The legitimate selfish interest in life returned to it. It came at the moment when Ruxton had been permitted to pay his first visit. It was the sight of him which filled her with dismay. She had suddenly remembered that to save her own life she had not only dragged her father to his death, but she had sacrificed this man also, and promised to become the wife of the detestable Von Salzinger. From that moment the little troubled doctor had no longer to check against which he had been struggling ever since.

All these things were in Vita's mind as she submitted to the attentions of the nurse. The blending of excitement and dread had been with her at first, but when all excitement had given way to numbing emotion which grew almost to a pain, finally, the nurse withdrew, leaving her ready to receive the man she loved.

The sound of the door-catch startled her. Her eager, frightened eyes turned swiftly in the direction of it. The moment Ruxton was standing in the doorway, his deep eyes smiling down at her from his great height.

"Vita! My Vita!"

Just for one moment the woman's heart swam. Her eyes closed, and it seemed to her she was about to faint. But the moment passed, and when the beautiful grey eyes gazed out once more the man was seated on the edge of the bed, holding her hand, the elapsed under the tender pressure of both his.

"My poor little Vita! My poor darling!"

The tones of his voice were tender and caressing. They were full of a deep, passionate sympathy and love. Vita sought under their echo in her own soul. But there was no return of pressure in her hand. Her eyes gazed back into his full of yearning, but they seemed to have lost their power of smiling.

"Ruxton, dear——" she began. Then she broke off, as though powerless to bring herself to tell him all that lay ready to be shalled for him to hear.

"Don't distress yourself, dear. Don't bother to talk. It's enough for me to be here, with you, and know you are getting well."

It was his final words which spurred her courage. She began to speak rapidly, and almost it was as if complaint were in her tone.

"But I am not getting well—yet. That is what Doctor Mellish says, and that is why I must talk. Oh, Ruxton, can't you understand? I can never get well until I have told you—told you all that is on my mind. Dearest, dearest, I have wronged you, oh, how I have wronged you, and all because I am a coward, a miserable wretched coward who dared not face the death which they had marked out for me. It is that—that which brought about poor father's death. It is that which made me throw aside the love which was all the world to me, and promise to marry the man who pretended that he was about to save my wretched life."

"Von Salzinger"

The question came with unerring instinct, but the coldness for herself Vita had dreaded was lacking.

"Yes," she said, in a childlike, frightened way.

"Tell it me. Tell it me all. I have been waiting all these weeks to learn the truth of all that happened to you—of all you have been made to suffer by those devils. Tell me everything, from the moment I left you to come up here to await your father's arrival."

His manner was so gentle, yet so firm. His eyes still held the warm smile with which he had greeted her. Vita's courage stole back into her veins, and her poor, hammering heart slackened its beatings, and her thoughts became less chaotic.

Presently, in a low hurried voice, Vita began her story. She made no attempt to convey to him the terror through which she had passed. Yet it was all there. It lay under every word she uttered.

When she came to the final scene of her father's death, passion surged through Ruxton's veins, and he rose from his seat on the bed and paced the limits of the room.

"The treacherous devils!" he muttered. "The hounds! God! they could not beat him, so they played upon a woman, a defenceless woman. It was German. But they have paid—both of them. But the old man! The pity—the pity of it. If I could only have saved him."

Ruxton was not addressing her, but Vita was following his every word. Now she caught at his final sentence.

"No one could," she said, with a deep sigh. "I led him to that place of death, as surely as——"

"No, no, Vita! You must not say that. You are no more responsible for his death than I am. Those devils would have got him. If there were shortcomings they were mine. I did not see far enough. Thank God, at least I contrived to save you from the fate they had prepared for you."

Vita's eyes had followed his restless movement. Now they rested upon his flushed face and hot eyes as he returned to his seat on the bed and took possession of her hand again.

"Thank God for your life and safety, dearest," he cried, raising her hand to his lips and pressing it to them passionately. "It was the nearest thing. It turns me cold now when I think how near. Listen and I'll tell you my side of it all. It's not a very brainy side, dear. There's not much in it that's particularly creditable to any thinking man. Most of it was luck, a sort of miracle of good fortune added to an inspiration for which I mustn't take any credit. I'll just take up the tale where you left it, but from the other side—the side whence one might well have expected succour, and from which, very nearly, there was none forthcoming."

You will find the conclusion of this story next week, and the opening chapters of "The Girl From New York—A Tale of the Secret Service," Philip Oppenheim's great new serial.

THE GIRL FROM NEW YORK

A TALE OF THE SECRET SERVICE

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM'S GREAT NEW STORY

BEGINS NEXT WEEK IN

The Post Sunday Special

SCOTTISH PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE

By Our Special Commissioner.

Mrs D. J. Colville.

Lafayette.

Mrs Colville, wife of Captain D. John Colville, Scottish Rifles, who has just given birth to a son, is a daughter of Sir William and Lady Bilsland. Her gallant husband, who has been twice wounded in action, is the son of the late Mr John Colville of Cleland House, who represented North-West Lanark in Parliament for some years, and whose memory is still greatly revered in the district. A cousin of the Captain, Lieut. Norman R. Colville, was recently awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry in action.

Kilmacolm's Fine Record.

Few places of its size have done better in the beneficent work of assisting war charities than the upland village of Kilmacolm, a favourite haunt of West of Scotland folks. By means of garden fêtes large sums of money have been raised, and the success thus achieved has been due in great measure to the energy and organising ability of two well-known ladies in the village, Mrs Russell and Mrs Weir. As the result of a fête at Bellard, Mrs Weir's beautiful residence, that enterprising lady will be able to hand over £380 to the Ralston and Bellahouston hospitals. Congratulations!

A Distinguished Highlander.

Few men are better known in the Highlands than Dr John Macpherson, the Senior Medical Commissioner of the General Board of Control, who has been made a Commander of the Bath. A son of the manse, he was born at Dures, near Inverness, where his father was the Free Kirk minister. He had a brilliant student career, has written freely on medical subjects, and was for a time medical superintendent of Stirling District Asylum. Appointed Medical Commissioner in Lunacy in 1899, he has traversed all parts of his native Highlands, for which he has great love.

A Bride of To-Morrow.

Lafayette.

To Scots folk one of the most interesting of the June weddings is that of Lady Katherine Ethel Carnegie, who in London to-morrow will be united in matrimony to Mr Rivers Bosanquet, the King's Own Regiment. Lady Katherine, who is the elder of the charming daughters of the Earl and Countess of Southesk, has had quite a lengthy engagement for a war bride, as it is at least a year ago since the match was made known. The bride is well known in Scotland, she having spent many happy days at her father's beautiful demesne, Kinnaird Castle, Brechin. This splendid ancestral mansion contains, by the way, among other treasures, a unique collection of old masters, and in the library of 30,000 volumes are many treasures, which to the collector of rare books are worth their weight in gold several times over.

Of Good Old Fighting Stock.

Peterhead is proud of Second-Lieutenant Leslie J. W. Robertson, of the Gordon Highlanders, who has been awarded the Military Cross for bravery. The Lieutenant comes of a good old fighting family of eight sons. His father was the late Colonel Robertson, M.V.O., V.D., and other two of his brothers occupy distinguished positions in the army as majors, while his eldest brother, Captain A. W. Robertson, was killed in July of last year.

Gallant Black Watch Captain.

Congratulations to Captain Norman Donald MacLeod on being awarded the Military Cross. The young soldier has been at the front for about two years with the Black Watch, and has seen heavy fighting. He is the eldest son of Colonel and Mrs MacLeod of Dalvey, Forres, and was educated at Harrow, Cambridge, and Sandhurst.

Elgin Recruiting Officer.

It is reported that Captain Alex. Jack, Seaforth Highlanders, has been appointed recruiting officer at Elgin in room of Col. Charles Gordon, appointed Sheriff-Substitute of Forfar. Captain Jack was at the front for five months, and prior to coming to Elgin in February last was on the recruiting staff at Fort-George. Before mobilisation he was a bank accountant in Lossiemouth.

The Lucky Seven.

The award of the D.S.O. to Lord Douglas Malise Graham, second son of the Duke of Montrose, brings this gallant young officer's record of honours won during the war to the lucky number of seven. Lord Douglas, it may be recalled, won the Military Cross quite early in the campaign, and he has been mentioned five times in despatches. He has served at the front continuously since the outbreak of war, taking part in the ever-memorable battle of Mons and in most of the fighting since.

Rev. Dr Stuart of Haddington.

Another Roman Catholic clergyman to be singled out for bravery on the battlefield is Dr John L. Stuart, of Haddington, who has just been given the privilege of adding M.C. to the list of his honours won in peaceful and studious days. Dr Stuart has been a padre in France for over two years. When in Haddington he was one of the most popular of public men, possessing a wonderful faculty for winning the esteem of all shades of opinion, whether religious or political. In musical circles he took a prominent part, and the musical play adapted to children found in him an ardent devotee.

A Bute Official.

His many friends are now congratulating Mr Duncan Currie, Port Bannatyne, Bute, on his appointment as Bute Road Surveyor. Mr Currie has been a member of the Bute County Council for several years, and resigned a few weeks ago to offer himself as a candidate for the vacant surveyorship. He is one of the most popular public men in North Bute.

Keen!

News has just been received that Lance-Corporal J. W. Edwards, of the Tyneside Scottish, has been wounded for the third time during the war. He joined the Australian Infantry in August, 1914, was twice wounded as an Anzac in Gallipoli, and was subsequently invalided out of his battalion. Coming to the homeland, he soon got into khaki again. He is an Anglo-Scot, and used to work in a Durham colliery..

The Coming Edinburgh Garden Fete.

I hear that the Duchess of Atholl is to open the outdoor fete on behalf of the Soldiers' Recreation Fund, held in the grounds of Donaldson's Hospital, Edinburgh, on Saturday. The Countess of Ellesmere, Lady Hamilton, Lady Crofton, and her daughter, Miss Eileen Crofton, Lady Berry, and Mrs Fletcher of Saltoun are to be among the helpers. Under such efficient management the sale is sure of the greatest success.

For Red Cross Week.

Lafayette.

Preparations on a gigantic scale have been set afoot for the big flag day on the first Saturday in July which will mark the culmination of what is hoped to be a memorable Red Cross week. A lady who is taking a keen interest in the movement is Mrs Wm. Hutchison, 22 Bute Gardens, Glasgow. Mrs Hutchison, who is the wife of Mr William Hutchison, M.A., LL.B., the prospective Unionist candidate for Bridgeton, is Dame President of the Primrose League, but she has, of course, laid aside her political work, and has been indefatigable in the promotion of war-time schemes. Her husband, who is a well-known city lawyer, is a native of Greenock. He is a leading Congregationalist, and has taken a very active part in connection with the Glasgow District Union of that denomination.

Patriotic Fairley Family.

Captain Harry V. Brooke of Fairley, a beautiful little estate near Aberdeen, has received a fresh token of the King's interest in a letter, in which His Majesty realises that Sub-Lieutenant P. H. Brooke is the third son the Captain has given in his country's cause, and trusts he may be granted strength and comfort in the further sorrow he has been called on to bear. It is not so long ago since the Captain received from His Majesty's hands the posthumous award of the Victoria Cross, gained by his eldest son, Captain Otto Brooke, of the Gordon Highlanders. The other, Captain Brian Brooke, also of the Gordons, fell while leading his men at the capture of Mametz. The youngest, Pat, was in the navy. The remaining son is now on a military staff appointment in India.

Forging Ahead.

Lafayette.

I learn on excellent authority that preparations have been made for the establishment of a home unit of the Scottish Women's Hospitals in the South of England. This is a big and interesting extension of one of our most excellent war-time institutions. To-day five hospitals have been set up in France, Salonika, Corsica, Macedonia, and on the Roumanian front, the latter under the charge of the heroic Dr Elsie Inglis. About £1000 per week is required to maintain these five units, and in Glasgow the W.S.S. Joint Committee have not been lacking in organising ingenious schemes for the successful raising of the necessary funds. The success of these plans have in no small measure been due to the efforts of Miss Lindsay, the hon. secretary of the Glasgow and West of Scotland Committee (whose photograph heads this paragraph), and Miss M. C. Morrison, the hon. treasurer.

A Popular Captain.

The award of the Military Cross to Captain W. W. Home has been very popularly received in Lanarkshire and in many circles in Glasgow. Captain Home is a son of the Rev. Geo. Home, M.A., minister emeritus of Colville U.F. Church, Cleland, who now resides at Uddingston. Captain Home was severely wounded two years ago, and returned to the front last year, when he was attached to the General Staff. In civilian days he was a young man of untiring energy, and was well known in West of Scotland political life, taking a prominent part in the Unionist interest in several electoral contests.

Well-Known Scottish Peer.

The new Earl of Haddington is as familiar in smart circles in London as in Dunbar and old-world Tarporley, in Cheshire, where he has a magnificent and stately residence. I used to see him a good deal at Hurlingham during the polo season, and he was also a frequent visitor to the Carlton Club. By the death of the eleventh Earl he is now the heir to about 34,100 acres.

An Energetic War Worker.

Lafayette.

The name of Cargill is in Glasgow synonymous with generosity, and Mrs M'Cowan, the subject of this paragraph, is a sister of Mr John Cargill. She shares her brother's enthusiasm in aiding good causes, and is, in fact, one of Glasgow's most energetic war workers. It was Mrs M'Cowan who recently organised the matinee on behalf of the Scottish Women's Hospital, which realised over £2000, and which proved one of the biggest successes of its kind ever held. Mrs M'Cowan's eldest son fell in Gallipoli, the youngest is in the Scottish Rifles, and a daughter is nursing in a military hospital in Rouen.

Military Cross After Death.

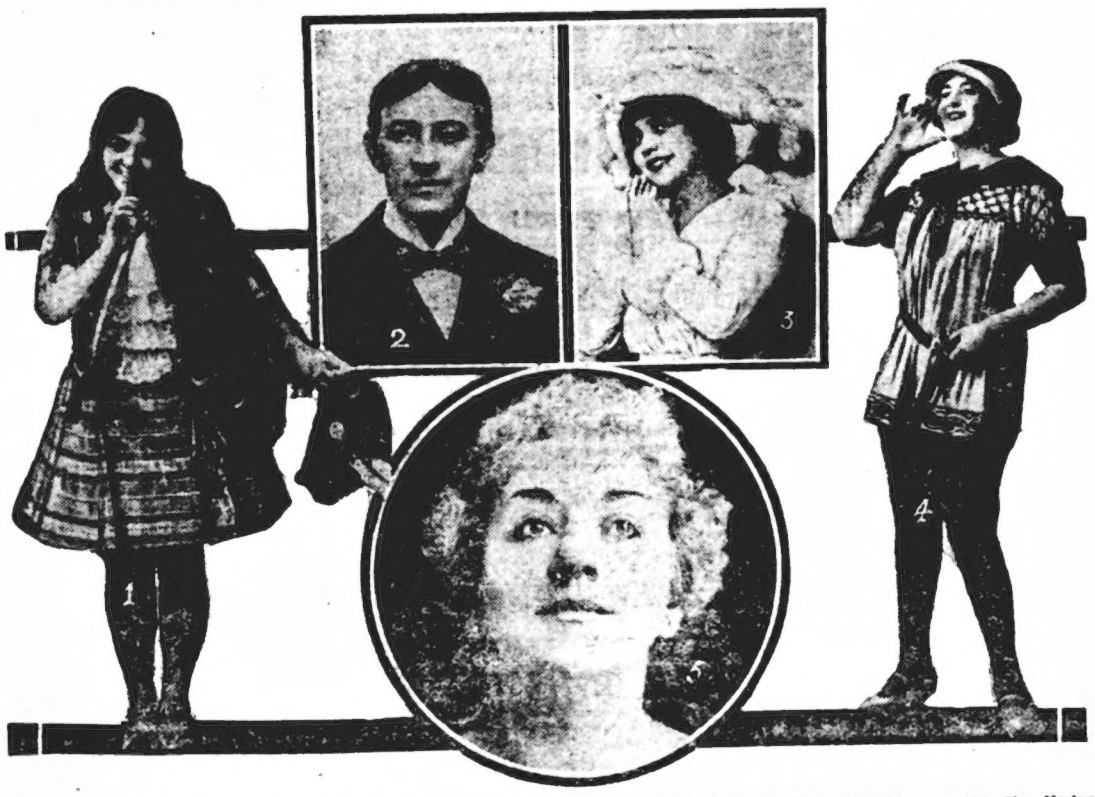
Mr and Mrs J. G. Stewart, Dunraven, Lasswade, have within the last few days had intimation of the award of the Military Cross to Captain Charles Edward Stewart, Durham Light Infantry, who died from wounds at a casualty clearing station on 10th April. He was 29 years of age, and was their third eldest son. After a successful career at Edinburgh Academy and at Edinburgh University he went to Oxford, where he gained his B.A. degree. He was a Writer to the Signet, having been admitted to the Society in 1912. Captain Stewart enlisted in September, 1914, along with his brother, Lieutenant F. A. Stewart, and with his cousin, Captain Oswald Herd. All three obtained commissions in the Durham Light Infantry, and now they rest—all three—in soldiers' graves in France.

The "Plum" of the Kirk Established.

The Rev. Norman Macleod Caie, B.D., who is the nominee for the vacancy in Hamilton Parish Church, has been for the past five years minister of Pollokshields Parish. Prior to coming to Glasgow, he held pastorates in Edinburgh and Bearsden. He has built up for himself a notable reputation as a preacher and a leader among young men.

Hamilton Parish is, of course, one of the plums of the Church Established. The salary in normal times averages £2200 per annum, and, of course, it is not any less in these days of agricultural prosperity. Dr Thompson, who has just relinquished the charge, has the comfortable retiring allowance of £600 a year.

LEADING THEATRICAL LIGHTS IN SCOTLAND THIS WEEK.



(1) Miss Retta Halkett in "Cheer-O!" at the Glasgow Olympia; (2) Mr Louis Bradfield, at the Glasgow Pavilion; (3) Miss May Merton in "Joyland," at the Glasgow Empire; (4) Miss Gwladys Seman, at the Glasgow Alhambra; (5) Miss Rose Lee Ivy, a clever Californian artiste, at the King's, Dundee.

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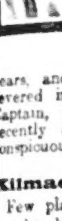

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Screen Version of the Famous Play.
"HER FAME AND SHAME,"
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A Tragedy of the North-West of Canada.
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Madame SARAH BERNHARDT in
"MOTHERS OF FRANCE."
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY,
June 21st, 22d, 23d.
CHARLES RAY in
"THE DESERTER."

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Showing MON., TUES., and WED.—"THE CIRCUS OF FIRE," a Stirring Story of Circus Life, in 4 Reels. Also, "THE PRETENDERS," a Three-Reel Comedy-Drama by Kalem Co.
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Mrs Humphrey Ward's Famous Novel,
'THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE,'
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All-Star Cast, including Henry Ainley
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"THE LITTLE DAMOZEL,"
A Delightful Love Romance, in 4 Acts.

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MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY.
Walter Melville's Famous Drama,
THE GIRL WHO WRECKED HIS HOME.
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EDITH STOREY and E. A. SOTHERN in
AN ENEMY OF THE KING.

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2/- Monthly.—Costumes, suits, raincoats, children's clothing, footwear, household linen, drapery, &c., on easy terms. Illustrated catalogue free. Castle Supply Co., Norwich. 1659

100 Best Songs.—Album, with pianoforte accompaniments, post free, 1s 6d. W. L. Hampton, musicseller, 9 Scott St., Perth.

YESTERDAY'S FOOTBALL.

GLASGOW JUNIOR CUP FINAL.

Petershill and Benburb fought out the final of the Glasgow Junior Cup yesterday at Firhill. The crowd numbered 12,000, and the gate was under record in about £50. The Bens were early on the attack, and Black had the first try of what promised to be a keen game. This was followed up by Harry Rae, who found the "Hill backs in two minds, but he got no better than a shot pass. Black was completed to by clever halfback play, and, walking through the defence, he finished with a brilliant try.

It took the Springburn boys some time to settle, and M'Donald had the first likely try blocked en route. Then M'Nair, of the Bens, was under repairs, and Black and M'Intosh dominated play, and a pretty pass from M'Nair was wasted on Aitken. Private Stalker tore along the line, and the ball, passed to Somerville, J. Rae brought down the "house" by his method of roping him in, with the "Hill defence stiffening, and Murray taking everything as it came, the Bens were held forward. Still they were the faster on the ball, better served on the wings, but their main strength lay with their defence, who never shirked a tackle, and went for the leather every time. M'Millan saved a pinch for the Bens, and Stitt at the other end passed the open goal. There were only two good keepers on view. Stalker tested Campbell, then followed another bright spell of play from the Govanites. Rae, it was that pushed in a likely ball, which M'Donald saved with distinction. Stalker tapped to Somerville, and Campbell gathered from Cadden, and again from M'Donald, and there was a great rush to the home goal. Rae was blocked in a scoring chance, and the Bens frittered away chance after chance. Stalker's notion was to part first time, but this proved to be M'Millan to be there first.

Then came the Hill's best chance, which Sommerville and Robertson muddled between them. The best shot of the game was Cadden's, and he drove from twenty-five yards, Campbell rising to the occasion. Lawrie was responsible for the opening move with the "Hill defence contributing factors, M'Nair finished the movement, and he had plenty of time to get in his scoring shot. Time, thirty three minutes. Both sides re-doubled their efforts. Robertson might have equalised.

It was a non-scoring second half. There was no slackening off from the start, and Stalker got little chance to shine, and Somerville never played to properly. Forrest, Reid, and Cadden made a good line, but they erred in shooting strongly instead of passing to the centre to the man in front. There was never much 'twixt the sides, but all in Benburb were worth winners by the only goal scored. For Bens Murray, Rae, Black, M'Intosh, and M'Nair were the outstanding players. Petershill were well served by M'Donald, Murray, Reid, Cadden, Dickson, and M'Donald.

Benburb, 1; Petershill, 0.

Gate, £227 3s 3d, exclusive of tax and stand.

Petershill—M'Dougall; Young and Murray; Forrest, Reid, and Cadden; Private Stalker, Dickson, Somerville, M'Donald, and Robertson.

Benburb—Campbell; M'Lellan and J. Rae; Black, M'Intosh, and Watkins; Lawrie, Stitt, H. Rae, M'Nair, and Aitken.

Referee—J. Martin, *Queenbank*.

JUNIOR LEAGUE CHAMPIONS.

Keen interest centred in the deciding match between St Anthony's and Renfrew Juniors, which was played on the ground of the former. Renfrew's team showed two changes in the list which appeared in the Scottish final. St Anthony's had the wind in their favour, and within two minutes T. Burns opened the scoring. Renfrew Juniors replied vigorously, but their forwards were unable to take advantage of the opportunities. Twenty minutes from the same player added a second goal for St Anthony's. Before the interval Stoney scored for Renfrew. Although Renfrew were the more methodical lot in the second half, it was left to St Anthony's to reopen the scoring. J. Burns doing the needful. Sensations were crowded into the closing stages. Renfrew secured a penalty, and Lees scored with ten minutes to go. St Anthony's retained League honours by a score of three goals to two. St Anthony's played a hustling game. Renfrew lost the championship from the inability of their forwards to take advantage of opportunities. The gate amounted to £44, including tax.

GLASGOW JUNIOR CUP FINAL.
Petershill, ... 1
Benburb, ... 0

SCOTTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE.
St Anthony's, ... 3 Renfrew, ... 2
St Mirren Juniors, ... 5 Burnbank Athletic, ... 0

GLASGOW EASTERN LEAGUE.
Cambuslang Rangers, 4 Glencairn, ... 0

DISTRICT CUP.
Croy Celtic, ... 3 Kilsyth Rangers, ... 1

—JUVENILE CUP—SEMI-FINAL.
Blantyre Celts, ... 2 Parkhead, ... 1

N.-E. CUP—FINAL TIE.
Tweedmill Benburb, 1 Parkhead White Rose, 0

THE GLASGOW LOTTERY.

There are quite a number of people with sporting tendencies in Glasgow, there is little doubt, who regretted, that the majority of those who comprise the population of the city are inclined that way. But Glasgow, in common with other places, has also its unco' guid. The wrath of the latter section has been brought to boiling point by the lottery scheme locally promoted by the tramways. The Lord Provost, a real good sport himself, referred in a day or two ago to the "terrible crime" with which the city had been charged, and gave it as his opinion, which Deputies "Augur" in Saturday's Evening Times and Gazette, that nations who had nothing of the sort were not nations at all. In this connection it may be mentioned that subscription boxes were placed on the cars for the benefit of those whose consciences would not permit them to accept a prize in any circumstances. The amount realised was but £40. Per contra, the boxes placed at the disposal of those who were conscientious objectors realised £1700. I am not concerned with pointing the moral; the statement of the bare fact sufficeth.

THE TRACK.

CLYDEBANK F.C.'s FINE MEETING.

Clydebank F.C. held their first athletic meeting on Saturday, yesterday. There were 10,000 spectators when the proceedings began at 2 o'clock, and the gate was under record in about £500. The Bons were early on the attack, but M'Black had the first try of what promised to be a keen game. This was followed up by Harry Rae, who found the "Hill backs in two minds, but he got no better than a shot pass. Black was completed to by clever half-back play, and, walking through the defence, he finished with a brilliant try.

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QUOTING.

BY "DISC."

T.

preliminary
taking
receiving
Jo-up
Stadium
Jones and
Mr Hicks's
Steadman's
Mr Smith's
171 and
Watt's Bag
Tacket and
Mr Hicks
Mr Smith's
Carrick's Jolly
Mr Hicks's
Mr Smith's
Carrick's Jolly
Mr Hicks's
Mr Williams

RAID ON GOTHENBURG "SPY NEST."

Readers will observe that the Danish officials have been very busily engaged in hounding out German spies from their midst. It has been known for a long time that the Huns' secret agents have been working with Gothenburg as a centre, whence the chart and code (which we herewith reproduce from the Norwegian paper, Tidens Tegn) has emanated. A raid on a "spy nest" in Gothenburg led to the arrest of two German merchants, one officer in the German Navy, and one Danish woman. They were expelled. It is believed that they had made reports to German submarines off the coast at Laholm. The publication of this chart and code is therefore of special significance.

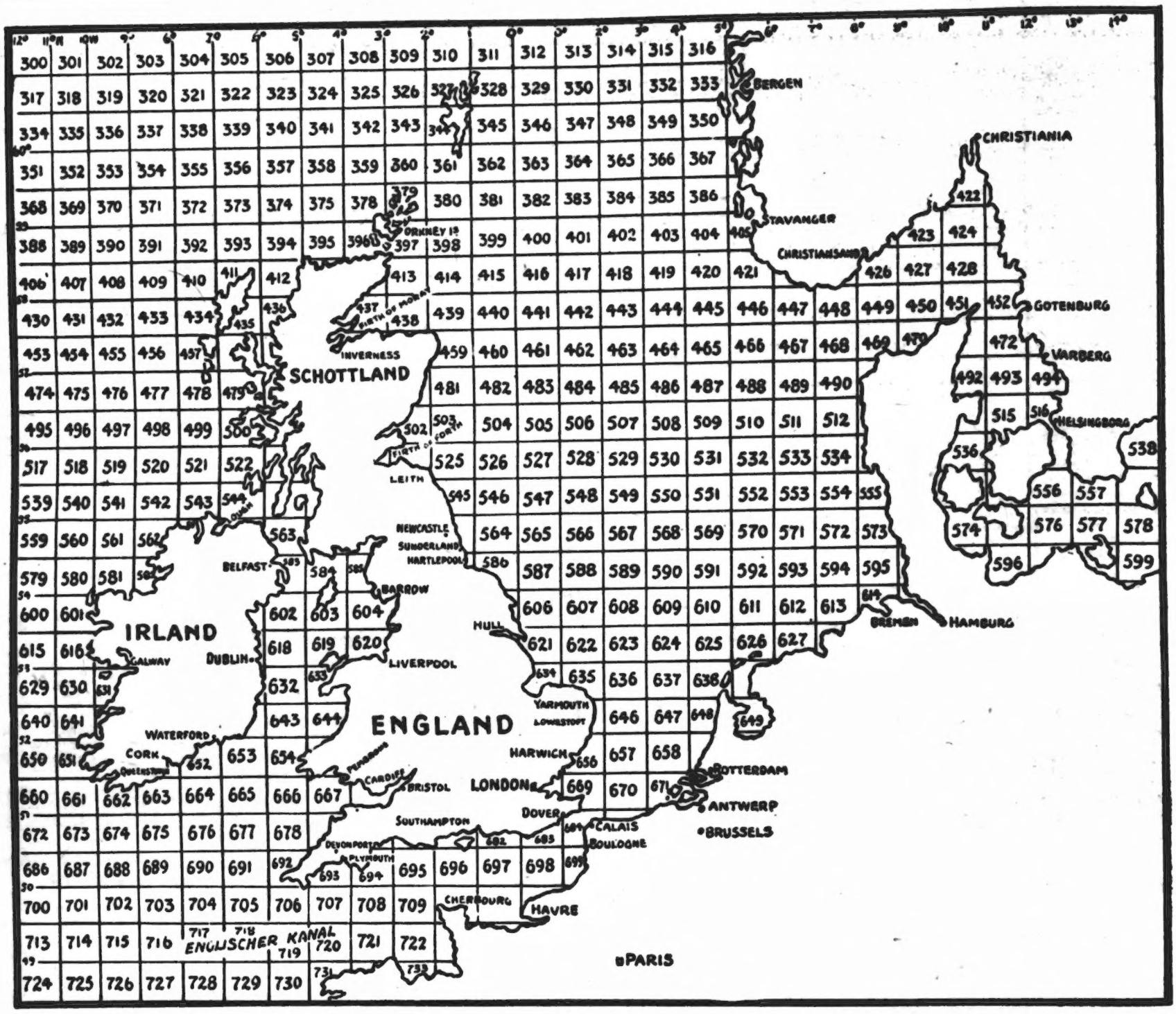
The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, JUNE 17, 1917.

WHAT SPYING COSTS.

It is on record that if a German spy is lucky enough to secure an especially valuable piece of information for the Fatherland he may be presented with £500 or £1000. Germany spends an enormous sum annually in the attempt to discover the plans and intentions of other Governments. It is estimated at over £80,000, and German Secret Service agents are found in the most unlooked-for places. Austria-Hungary has spent about £40,000 annually for the same purpose. Spying, perhaps more than any other profession, needs skill and courage. Often the spy has to act a very difficult part, and the least failure of nerve would spell disaster. It is authority that brings him through the most critical situations.

HUNS' SECRET SPY CHART AND CODE



CODE.

Krigsskibe med 1 skorsten - - - - - - - - - - Låde- serie I.
" " 2 " - - - - - - - - - - " " II.
Panzerkrydser 3 " - - - - - - - - - - Kiste " III.
" " 4 " - - - - - - - - - - " " IV.
let krydser 2 " - - - - - - - - - - Burk " II.
" " 3 " - - - - - - - - - - " " III.
" " 4 " - - - - - - - - - - " " IV.
Hjælpefartöjer og traviere- - - - - - - - - - " " V.
Ødeleggere med 2 skorsten - - - - - - - - - - Tunne " II.
" " 3 " - - - - - - - - - - " " III.
" " 4 " - - - - - - - - - - " " IV.
Torpedobaader - - - - - - - - - - - - " " I.
Undervandsbaater - - - - - - - - - - - - Mönstet
Miner - - - - - - - - - - - - Pakker.
Kurs fra 51 til 82 i tal fra N. til höjre, hver fulde streg et tal
Tiden og dato angives nöjagtigt

Nationalitet: Engelsk - I Kvalitet
" Tysk - II Kvalitet
" Fransk - III "
" Russisk - VI "

Kontrebande- Nationalitet- Norsk- sortmalet.
" " Svensk-blaamalet.
" " Dansk -rödmalet.
Stedangivelse efter kvatratkartet.

TRANSLATION OF CODE.

War vessel with one funnel,	Box	Series 1
War vessel with two funnels,	Box	Series 2
Armed cruiser with three funnels,	Chest	Series 3
Armed cruiser with four funnels,	Chest	Series 4
First class cruiser with two funnels,	Jar	Series 2
First class cruiser with three funnels,	Jar	Series 3
First class cruiser with four funnels,	Jar	Series 4
Patrol vessels and trawlers,	Jar	Series 5
Destroyers with two funnels,	Barrel	Series 2
Destroyers with three funnels,	Barrel	Series 3
Destroyers with four funnels,	Barrel	Series 4
Torpedo boats,	Barrel	Series 5
Submarine,	Sample.	
Mines,	Packages.	

The course from 51 to 82 one number from North to the right.
Every full line a number.
The time and date given specifically.

Nationality—English,	First Quality.
" —German,	Second Quality.
" —French,	Third Quality.
" —Russian,	Sixth Quality.

Contraband—Nationality—Norwegian,	Black painted.
" —Swedish,	Blue painted.
" —Danish,	Red painted.

Place position according to square in Chart.

We reproduce the above from the Norwegian paper Tidens Tegn, dated May 30th, 1917, showing a copy of a German secret spy chart and code. These came into the possession of that journal through one who was closely associated with the German Central Spy Office established in Gothenburg, where the chart and code were prepared. Its object is to make it comparatively easy for the German agents—men employed in all parts of Europe—to indicate to the German Admiralty the whereabouts of craft to be attacked by the U-boats. Advertisements in the Continental press for foreign shipping agents act as bait to prospective spies, who, whether they like it or not, soon get inveigled, or, on the other hand, quickly succumb to the glamour of gold. The numbered squares form the foundation of the method of providing information. If the spy—he may be ashore at an enemy port, at a neutral harbour, or even at sea as a common sailor—secures information as the result of keeping his eyes and ears open to the effect that a certain ship is in the area marked by square "417" he promptly sends a telegraphic message to that effect. But the German Admiralty does not get a mere rough idea as to the whereabouts of any particular ship, for a simple and yet very effective code is introduced along with that of the numbering squares. For instance, the words "First Quality" are given in the telegram if the vessel is of British nationality, while words such as "Box Series" and "Barrel Series" are quoted in order to indicate the type of vessel. For instance, if a British destroyer had been reported in zone "417" the spy sending the message would wire as follows:—"Barrel series 2" (meaning a destroyer with two funnels), "first quality" (meaning British nationality), "417." Thus a simple-looking telegram, of an apparent business nature, may be a message from a spy. There are, of course, other terms, which are explained in the accompanying code, whilst it will be understood that it is fairly easy for the spies to indicate the direction in which the vessel is going by quoting several of the numbered squares. An article dealing with the methods adopted by the Spy Bureau appears on an inside page. These revelations are of great interest in view of the fact that news is just to hand that the Danish officials have raided the Bureau and expelled several agents alleged to have been communicating with German submarines.

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